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"WIDE-OPEN" NEW YORK.—[See Page 1045.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XLII.—No. 2183.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1898.

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THE DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

PEKING—THE FORBIDDEN CITY, AS SEEN FROM THE IMPERIAL CITY.

Drawn by Harry Fenn from the only Photograph known to have been taken of the prohibited Enclosure.—[See Page 1031.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER 22, 1898

Terms: 10 Cents a Copy—$4 00 a Year, in Advance

Postage free to all Subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico

Subscriptions may begin with any Number

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

London: 45 Albemarle Street, W.

Also for sale at Brentano's, 37 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris

WHETHER we are in a position to govern distant peoples is a serious question, and one on which a good deal of light is thrown by the insurrection of the Pillagers in Minnesota and the reasons for their uprising. A careful reading of our article on this subject, on another page, will be instructive to such expansionists as desire to have a rational basis for their creed.

THE beauties of militarism in a republic are being strongly manifested in Paris. The army has been called into the city, to the number of sixty thousand or more, for the purpose of preventing violence. But the army is under a cloud. It has been accused of committing a grave injustice, and sustaining it by forgery and perjury. If the Court of Cassation finds in favor of a revision of the DREYFUS case, the army will need friends, for it seemingly intends to vindicate its honor by an appeal to force, and forty thousand strikers will not make bad allies in such case. At any rate, the peace of Paris seems to be at the mercy of violent strikers and a discredited army, and republican France has apparently built up an armed force which has the power to overthrow it, and to the exercise of which power all who love justice are giving an incentive.

THERE should be great care manifested by the voters this year in choosing Congressmen. It does not follow that because one supports Mr. ROOSEVELT for Governor he should therefore vote for the Republican candidate for Congress in his district. Mr. ROOSEVELT may be voted for on State issues. In other words, one need not vote against him because he has so little faith in the American character as to believe that we will become Chinamen unless we spend our nights in plotting war and our days in fighting battles. But if any Republican candidate for Congress believes in this sort of nonsense, he ought to be opposed, and especially if his opponent is a Democrat who believes in sound money. Many of the Republican candidates for Congress in New England and in some other parts of the country are opposed to the expansion policy, and, other things being equal, it is to be hoped that they will be elected. In the State of New York we fancy that gold Democrats are the safest. There is, in fact, a great good to be gained possibly by the election of non-expansionist, sound-money Democrats to the House of Representatives, and that is that we may through them secure a thorough investigation of army administration during the war.

IT is altogether too early to say that the investigation of army administration will turn out valueless. There are some officers of volunteers who apparently are too grateful for their commissions, but their ignorance or blindness cannot possibly overcome the effect of authentic stories of hardship, cruelty, indifference, and incapacity which have come to us from officers of the line and from the men. General F. V. GREENE struck a true note the other day in his testimony when he said that the army was organized for peace, and could not move in an emergency. Major GALLAGHER also told some wholesome truths about the inefficiency of civilian officers and the inadequacy and unfitness of the rations. The fact is that no testimony like that of General WHEELER, intended to show that conditions were good, can square with the reports of the general and other officers from the field, nor with the effort of the heads of the War Department to turn the blame of the hasty movement from Tampa upon Admiral SAMPSON and the navy. It will be impossible for General SHAFTER and those who are supporting him to make the country believe that the navy, which did everything itself so well, is responsible for his own incapacity, or for the incapacity and ignorance of the men under whose immediate orders he was. If they are to try this experiment, it will be, as an officer of the navy has already remarked, a very dangerous one for them.

THE sole excuse that can be offered—or that is offered—for taking the Philippines is that their people are not fit for self-government. The revolutionary constitution adopted by AGUINALDO and his followers, however, which provides for fairly effective executive and legislative government, does not seem to warrant the fear that the affairs of the Philippines would not be well administered in the hands of their own people. It is true that we know nothing that would lead us to believe that the savages of the smaller islands of the archipelago could govern themselves; but neither could we govern them without constant war upon them, and, furthermore, without constant difficulties growing out of their piracies and other outbreaks. They would be our subjects, at all events, and we would be responsible for their international conduct. While there is no evidence either that these Malays and Tagals would be peaceable citizens under the rule of the Filipinos, why would it not be better for the Filipinos or the Spaniards to undertake to keep them in order than to assume that responsibility ourselves? As to the rights and the safety of Europeans (including Spaniards) and Americans under Filipino rule, we fancy that the powers would look after them with the same interest and vigor that they and we have just displayed in meeting the storm supposed to have arisen in China. In a word, we do not suppose for a moment that our presence in the East will remove or prevent any difficulty that is now likely to spring up. It will simply make us a participant in and a sufferer from all the international dangers, troubles, wars, and oppressions that are likely to accompany the transformation of eastern Asia.

PENNSYLVANIA'S OPPORTUNITY.

THE commonwealth of Pennsylvania is on trial. The question at issue in the pending campaign, which is to determine primarily her State officers, her Legislature, and the return of QUAY to the United States Senate, concerns the virtues of her people. Is there character enough in the State to defeat QUAY? If there is, Dr. SWALLOW will be elected Governor, and a Legislature will be chosen which will not return QUAY. From what we hear from Pennsylvania, we are confident that there is such an awakening of the public conscience as the State has not known for years. Surely it is high time that this should be. Surely it is high time that this freebooting boss should be tumbled ignominiously out of the high places which he has soiled so long, and so greatly to the disgrace of the State.

The people of Pennsylvania who are supporting Dr. SWALLOW and endeavoring to compass the overthrow of QUAY are struggling for the restoration of self-government, as well as for the punishment of a corrupt boss and his corrupt gang of public plunderers. For twenty years or more QUAY has dominated the politics of Pennsylvania. Before him were SIMON CAMERON and his son DON CAMERON, but the pupil and follower has not only bettered their instruction, but has retired the son to private life. QUAY nominates whom he will in both parties. This year, for example, both the Republican and the Democratic candidates are of his own selection. The Legislature is composed for his profit, and the State's delegation in Congress obeys his commands. The people of Pennsylvania have nothing to say in the selection of their candidates, and up to this time they have not had sufficient public virtue or their consciences have not been sufficiently aroused to defeat their ruler at the polls. Apparently they are at last waking up to the fact that QUAY has made their government a blot on civilization, and a strong count in the indictment which has been drawn by its critics and enemies against democracy.

Not only is QUAY omnipotent in the politics of Pennsylvania, he wields a great influence at Washington, so that the whole nation is interested in the contest that is going on for his downfall. Not only does he exercise a power which no man ought to possess in this republic, a power which destroys self-government and threatens personal liberty, but he is himself an odious creature of odious conditions, and his rule is the rule of a bandit. Not so many years ago, the New York *World* published an account of QUAY'S life, which, if true, should have consigned him and some of his political associates to prison. It was particularly charged that he had embezzled the public moneys for his own use. The accusation was made with great particularity, and QUAY was boldly challenged to bring an action for libel. When he replied that he could not procure justice in the State of New York or in the United States courts, the offer was made to him that the editor of the *World* would go to Pennsylvania in order to be served with process, so that the case might be tried in the courts of the State which was ruled by QUAY as absolutely as Russia is ruled by the Tsar. But QUAY did not take advantage of this confidence of the editor in the justice of his cause.

QUAY is now before the courts of his State by a process—a criminal process—issued against him. He is prosecuted by District-Attorney GRAHAM, for many years the Republican district attorney of Philadelphia. Once more the charge against him is the use of the public funds for his private gain, and, on the evidence which was produced before the magistrate on the preliminary hearing, he and the other defendants, including his son RICHARD, were held in bonds of $5000 each to appear for trial before the November term of the court. The charge, in brief, is that QUAY and his friends have used the funds of the State which were deposited in the People's Bank of Philadelphia, which is now in the hands of a receiver. The evidence was obtained from the private desk of JOHN S. HOPKINS, the cashier of the bank, who committed suicide. It consists largely of letters and telegrams written by Senator QUAY to HOPKINS, and one letter at least written by State-Treasurer B. F. HAYWOOD to JAMES MCMANES, president of the bank, but directed to and evidently received by HOPKINS. HAYWOOD is one of the accused, and he is one of QUAY'S political followers. This letter from HAYWOOD to MCMANES encloses a check for $100,000, which, added to the public money already in the bank, made the State's deposit at the time of writing the letter $600,000. The letter concludes as follows: "The understanding is that I am not to draw against any part of this $600,000 deposit until the Hon. R. R. QUAY [Senator QUAY'S son] has paid, or arranged satisfactory [*sic*] to you, the loan of $100,000 which you are to make to him next week." Other letters and telegrams from QUAY to HOPKINS seem to show that the dead cashier was in the habit of buying stock for QUAY, and the character of the stock ordered by the Senator, sugar figuring in the list, recalls the charges that have been made against United States Senators of legislating in the interest of their own speculations. In one telegram to HOPKINS, QUAY says, "If you buy and carry a thousand Met. for me, I will shake the plum-tree." This phrase is likely to become as famous as some others in the current history of public scandals. Where did HOPKINS get the money "to carry" stocks for QUAY? The district attorney contends that memoranda made by HOPKINS in a private book, called the "Red Book," show that by the connivance of the bank QUAY had the use for 184 days of $200,000 of the amount of the public funds on deposit in the People's Bank, that amount ranging from $525,000 to $565-000. In other words, this Senator of the United States, his son, and some of his henchmen are charged with conspiracy to embezzle the money of the State of Pennsylvania, and the evidence against them is strong enough, in the opinion of the magistrate, to warrant their commitment. It is an interesting fact that the capital of the People's Bank was only $150,000.

QUAY is charged with other offences. Dr. SWALLOW charges that in the last fifteen years he and his henchmen have stolen $3,000,000 interest on the public moneys. It is charged that the party which upholds QUAY has held back the school appropriations for a year or more before paying them over to the school authorities. It is charged that the old Capitol was burned by an incendiary, and that the State was robbed at every step of rebuilding, and in arranging temporary quarters for the government's accommodation. Dr. SWALLOW has challenged his opponent, QUAY'S candidate, to meet many of these charges, and to defend the negative of them. But as QUAY remained silent under the accusations and taunts of the *World*, as he produced no evidence before the magistrate in answer to the charge that he has used the public moneys deposited in the People's Bank for his own profit and for the profit of his son and his friends, so Mr. STONE, QUAY'S candidate for Governor, declines the challenge of Dr. SWALLOW.

We have mentioned but part of the charges made against QUAY and his party. It is only necessary to add that he is accused of crimes against the Federal government as well as against the State government, not the least among them being the sale of Federal offices for money and for votes. His silence under the charges is significant. He entertains a cynical contempt for the people of his State. He believes that they have not virtue enough to punish him. He feels safely intrenched in his castle of vice. We hope that he is about to find himself mistaken, and we believe that the beginning of his end has come.

THE POLICY OF EXPANSION—CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

LETTERS FROM EX-SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY J. G. CARLISLE, CIVIL SERVICE COMMISSIONER JOHN R. PROCTER, EX-ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF STATE G. L. RIVES, AND SENATOR DONELSON CAFFERY.

BY the terms of the protocol all the territorial questions growing out of the war with Spain are substantially settled, except that which relates to the disposition of the Philippines, but concerning them the United States may soon be confronted with a problem of the gravest character. The sole avowed purpose for which the war was commenced has been accomplished by the agreement to abandon Cuba, and in addition Puerto Rico is to be surrendered to the United States. If our representatives in Paris should also demand the abandonment or cession of the Philippines, or any part of them, and the Spanish representatives should refuse to comply, the question of reopening the war for the sole purpose of conquest would be directly presented for the consideration of our government and people.

Ought we to make such a demand, or, if made and rejected, ought we to resume hostilities, and make further sacrifices of life and property in order to acquire these remote and semicivilized islands for ourselves, or to free them from the domination of Spain? We are under no obligations whatever to either emancipate or annex the islands. The fortunes of a war, prosecuted for the single purpose of securing the independence of Cuba, have given us military possession, for the time being, of a city and harbor in a distant part of the world; but until the armistice was established they were held subject to the right of the other belligerent to retake them by force, and resume its original authority over them. Our occupation was hostile at the beginning, and is so still, though military operations have been suspended in order to afford opportunity for negotiation. By this hostile act we incurred no obligation to the inhabitants, who were then and still are subjects of Spain. Their condition, politically or otherwise, did not have the least influence one way or the other in determining the question of peace or war, and we have made no promises to them. It is true they are badly governed, but so are the people of many other countries, even in our own hemisphere, and if it is our duty to overthrow all the bad governments in the world, we had better begin on our own side of the globe.

That the present inhabitants of the Philippines are not qualified for self-government is generally conceded, and that the hot and unwholesome climate will prove fatal to a very large percentage of emigrants and colonists from this latitude seems also to be admitted; but, in fact, we do not need new lands for colonization, no matter how fertile or salubrious they may be. Our own country affords ample space for an enormous increase of population, and ample opportunities for the investment of capital and the employment of labor for many years to come. Even if our people could go to the Philippines with their capital and labor, the effect would be to diminish our industrial forces at home and retard the development of our own resources. But they will not go, and if the islands are acquired we will simply have on our hands, for such governmental control as we may be able to exercise under our political system, a cluster of about fourteen hundred tropical islands, six or seven thousand miles away, inhabited by eight or ten millions of ignorant, superstitious, and slavish people, who have no interests in common with us, no knowledge of our institutions, no appreciation of our civilization, no sympathy with our ambitions and aspirations, and no capacity to materially improve their own condition under any plan of government that might be devised for them.

Such an acquisition would not strengthen us in any respect. On the contrary, it would be a constant drain upon our resources without any substantial compensation for the outlay. Even when not in a state of actual insurrection, the people are turbulent, cruel, and unmindful of the rights of person and property, and it will require a most vigilant administration of the law by honest and capable officials to preserve order among them, even in the most enlightened parts of the islands, while in some parts it is at least doubtful whether this can be done at all. Spain has tried it for more than three centuries, except in the Sulu group, and has signally failed. Millions of dollars have been expended and thousands of lives have been lost in a vain effort to enforce obedience to the laws and customs of a country having a form of ecclesiastical and civil government which they were at least partially able to understand, and yet, when the hour of trial came, Spain found them her most malignant and savage enemies. If we acquire the islands we may have the same experience. Being incapable of self-government, they must be controlled for a long time, even as to their local concerns, by legislative and executive authorities of a government six thousand miles distant. No matter what name may be given to the system established, it will be quasi-military in its character; an army must be employed to assist the civil authorities in the administration of the laws; and in order to provide effectually against aggressions from the outside, a strong naval force must be always ready for active duty.

They will constitute the most exposed parts of our national domain, and will require a much larger expenditure for protection than any other equal area within its limits. In all great wars the nations having colonies and outlying dependents have found them to be their most vulnerable parts; and nearly every island in the seas has passed, at some period in its history, from one sovereign to another by the operations of war, most of them having changed masters many times. If we acquire the Philippines, we will find it more difficult to defend them against any great European naval power than it will be to defend the whole coast of the United States against the same power. They will add comparatively nothing to our strength or prosperity in time of peace, and they will be a positive weakness to us in time of war.

JOHN G. CARLISLE.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Having been requested to give my opinion as to whether this country should retain all of the Philippines, or a part of them, and if a part, how much and for what purposes, I submit the following suggestions:

If the entrance to the harbor of Manila had been successfully defended by the Spaniards, the American fleet under Dewey would have had no harbor of refuge for repair and coaling nearer than San Francisco. This effective object-lesson has taught the absolute necessity of a coaling and repair naval station in Asian waters. The necessity will increase from year to year with our increasing commercial relations with China and other Eastern countries, and because of the complications growing out of European aggressions in the Far East. The most virulent opponents of expansion now admit the necessity of retaining the harbor of Manila as a naval station, and the only question now to be decided is how much contiguous territory is necessary to make secure this holding. Should we retain the entire Philippine group, our only neighbors would be Japan on the north at Formosa, and Great Britain on North Borneo, Labuan, and the Straits Settlements, and Holland on the Dutch islands. We have along the northern border of the United States, from ocean to ocean, the British territory of Canada, and on this border it is not necessary to retain a single regiment or an armored war-ship for the purposes of defence. The English and Dutch get along peacefully as neighbors and control the native tribes of Borneo with a small military force, and so long as Holland and Great Britain are our only European neighbors in the Far East, a like condition will prevail should we assume the responsibility of good government over the entire Philippine group. Should we, however, retain only one or more of these islands, the remainder will inevitably fall to the possession of one or more of the European powers, and a disturbing element will be the result, necessitating the keeping of a larger military force on the portion retained. It would be folly to retain a coaling-station and be forced to carry coal across the Pacific Ocean to this station in times of war, while surrendering to other powers the islands of Cebu, Negros, Batan, and Masbate, on which coal is known to exist, and other islands on which it is believed future explorations will develop coal.

Should we retain all of these islands, then this country, Great Britain, and Japan can control all the coal easily accessible to the Pacific and Indian oceans, and these powers can, by proper co-operation, confine hostile naval movements of European powers to European waters. There will be less danger of foreign complications and less danger of wars in retaining the entire group of islands than there will be should we retain only a part.

These islands should be retained, not with a view of incorporating them into our system of States, but with a determination to give to them good government, opening their ports to all the world on equal terms, and expending every cent of revenue collected on the islands for the improvement and benefit of the native population, and when, in the future, the natives have been educated in the principles of self-government, allowing them to organize local self-government, remaining always subject to the protection and control of this country. For years the Philippines, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, and Cuba will have to be governed as England governs her numerous crown colonies—under the entire control of the home government. Gradually some of these may be merged into colonies possessing representative institutions, the home government retaining a veto on legislation; but later some may become self-governing colonies, like New Zealand, the home government having no control over any public officer—save the appointment of the governor—and being only responsible for the conduct of all relations between the colonies and foreign powers. It would be unwise for the United States to ever surrender the right to control the foreign relations of each of the above-named islands. The great success of our vast industrial enterprises has demonstrated that we have in abundance men of large administrative ability. The services of such men can be secured by placing our diplomatic service on a basis of stability of tenure for efficient service, and abandoning altogether our idiotic, unbusinesslike spoils system.

It has been suggested that colonial expansion will give opportunity for "carpet-bag" misrule, such as was imposed upon the Southern States during the "reconstruction" period following our civil war. The fact that this evil was cured from within by the aroused conscience of the American people, and was not permitted to last more than ten years, notwithstanding the political passions incident to a civil war, is a sufficient evidence that any party responsible for misrule in colonies will be hurled from power by the voters of this country. Misrule and oppression of her colonies have existed in Spain for nearly four hundred years, with no power to correct the abuses from within, and no political party in this country will dare to return any territory to the evils of Spanish misrule.

The people of Maine and Texas feel no personal responsibility for municipal corruption in Philadelphia and New York, but the people of the entire country will feel a sense of personal responsibility for the good government of Manila, Havana, Santiago, and other cities coming under our protection. I believe the increased responsibilities will have a most beneficial effect upon our home government, and provincial politics will give place to a broader statesmanship.

JOHN R. PROCTER.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

I am asked what, in my opinion, ought to be the policy of our government with reference to Cuba and the Philippines. The true inquiry is rather what our policy *must* be; for we are not any longer free to accept or to reject a national policy concerning the acquisition of these islands. In the first place, the war is not over, and as yet we are by no means masters of either Cuba or the Philippines; and in the second place, we have incurred certain obligations which we cannot now honorably refuse to discharge.

It seems to be generally assumed by our people that a treaty of peace has already been signed, under which we are to have possession of Cuba at once, and are to get just so much of the Philippines as we choose to ask for. No idea can be more fallacious. Hostilities are suspended, not ended. Spain has indeed promised that she will evacuate all her West Indian possessions, but she has given no guarantees of performance, and the time and manner of evacuation are still the subjects of discussion. Thus far matters have proceeded pleasantly and promptly enough, so far as published reports indicate; but it needs no great knowledge of Spanish history to appreciate the unrivalled capacity of her officials in protracting such negotiations whenever delay shall seem desirable.

And as to the Philippines, is it not possible that the Spanish commissioners in Paris may try to delay and haggle and drive a hard bargain? And what reply can we make if they refuse our demands? Have we now at hand that final argument of nations, a powerful army ready and eager to take the field? Our navy is indeed obviously equal to any demands that can be made upon it; but our troops are broken with sickness, and the government seems bent on rapidly disbanding such forces as still we possess. Once scattered, these same men can never be collected again. Nor can it be supposed that the country—horrified by the apparently well-authenticated stories of awful and utterly needless suffering in camps of instruction—will be ready to supply recruits or to accept cheerfully a renewal of hostilities. These facts must, of course, be quite as well known to the Spanish Foreign Office as they are to every one of us; and although the Spanish policy concerning the Philippines is not yet declared, it may well be that they will not cede any more of those islands than the point we now occupy, unless, indeed, we can show ourselves really ready for a resumption of the war in the West Indies as well as the East. It follows, therefore, that the question which has interested so many people here and abroad, as to whether we ought to take the whole or only a part of the Philippines, is, to say the least of it, somewhat premature.

It may, however, be assumed that we shall not surrender Manila. We are probably in no humor to begin fighting again for the sake of Panay or Mindanao; but, weary and sickened as this nation is with our recent experiments in foreign warfare, public opinion will sustain the government in going to any extremity for the retention of the territory we actually hold. Our fleet might have steamed away from Manila with honor on the 2d of May; but since that course was not adopted, it will hardly be possible now to withdraw and leave the city to its fate.

If, however, we are to establish ourselves in a sort of Asiatic Gibraltar at Manila, or even if we get the whole of Luzon, Spain retaining the other Philippines, the Carolines, and all but one of the Ladrones, certain consequences may be pretty clearly foreseen. For one thing, insurrection in all the Spanish islands will become chronic, and Manila—in spite of the sincerest efforts on our part—will always and inevitably be a base of operations for filibusters. We may thus shortly find ourselves again compelled to interfere by force, just as public opinion compelled intervention under analogous circumstances in Cuba. On the other hand, if we do not intervene, some of the colonizing nations will be very apt, under such conditions of persistent anarchy, to find "humanitarian" or other reasons for acquiring islands or ports in unpleasant and dangerous proximity to our establishments. The acquisition of Manila or Luzon alone will therefore tend to bring about a condition of unstable equilibrium; so that if we do not obtain the whole of the islands now (which at present seems unlikely) we may be driven into fighting for them later on, and perhaps against more formidable opponents.

Cuba, of course, we are publicly pledged to surrender to its inhabitants as soon as they have formed a stable government. It is perfectly plain that we are also bound, by every dictate of prudence and humanity, to administer that unhappy island until a government really stable is secured. How long that may be, nobody can guess. If we reasoned from the analogy of the other Spanish-American republics, a century would not be too much to allow; but a firm and honest administration by us will doubtless shorten the period of apprenticeship. Before that period is ended, both countries may perhaps prefer annexation.

Whatever the extent of our insular possessions ultimately proves to be, it is at any rate apparent that we must very soon decide upon some general policy as to the method of administering them. Examples of colonial policies during the past three hundred years, some good and mostly bad, are numerous. Spain, still retaining almost unchanged the typical colonial policy of the eighteenth century, represents one extreme, embodying a ghastly record of misery and disaster. England, successful after many trials and many calamities, and prompt to profit by the lessons of experience, represents the other extreme. If we wish to emulate the example of England and not the example of Spain, we must begin with an earnest and honest and unswerving determination that the three fundamental features of the Spanish colonial policy shall not be applied to our possessions, and these three fundamentals are the spoils system, the navigation laws, and the protective tariff.

G. L. RIVES.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

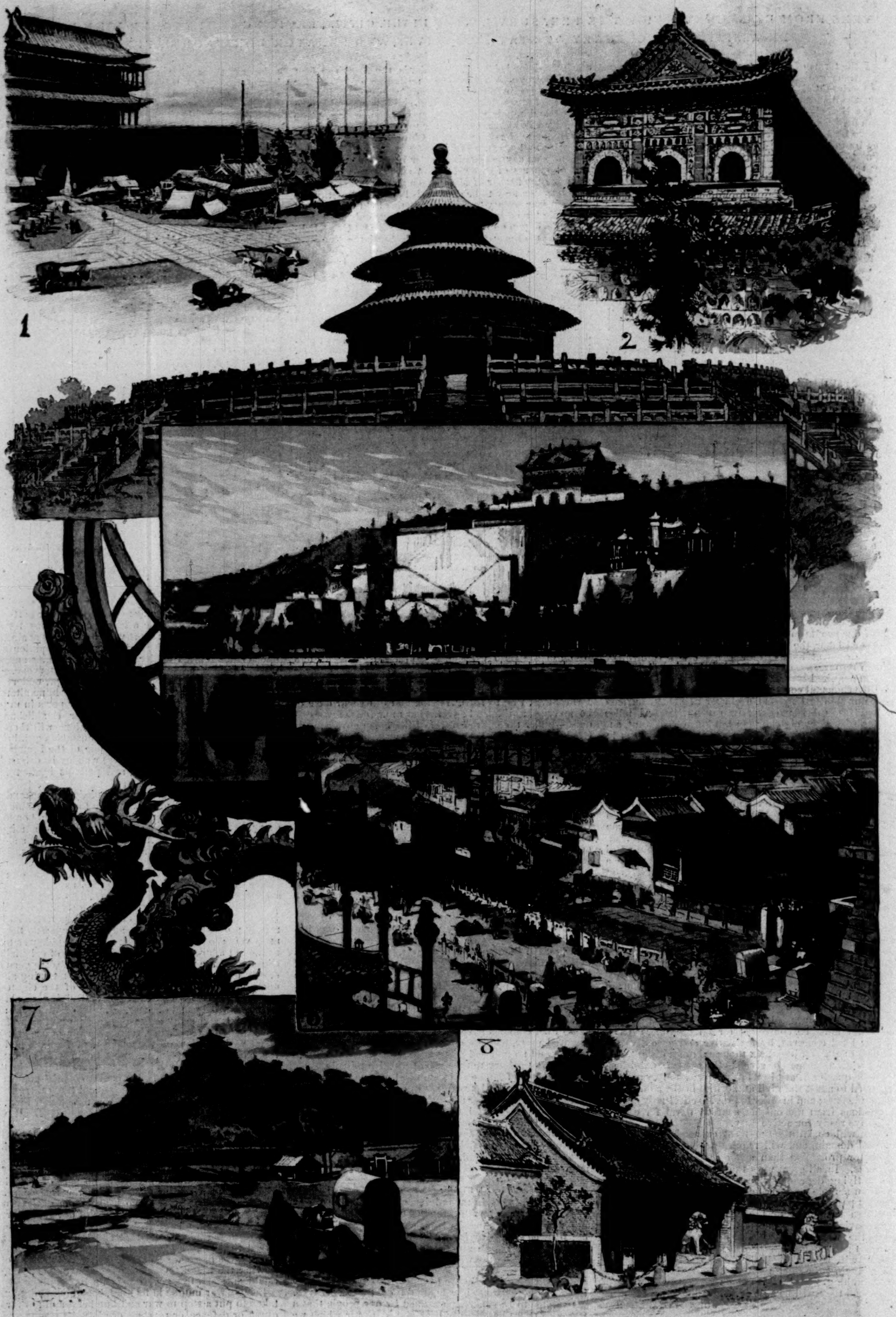
You ask whether, in my opinion, "we should retain all the Philippines or part of them, and if a part, how much?"

I answer that we should retain no part of the Philippines, except a coaling-station, with the free consent of Spain. It is necessary to go back to the declaration of war against Spain as the foundation of our *right* to retain the Philippines. That declaration was made on the sole ground of the inhumanity that characterized the war between Spain and a part of her subjects in the island of Cuba. We disclaimed, *ex industria*, any intention of acquiring the island. Our purpose was to pacify it, and establish then a free government for its people.

Being a war unique in its kind, one of humanity, undertaken to put a stop to war and butchery, and not for conquest, or defence, or revenge, or glory, its results must be determined by the principle on which it was waged.

We stand on high ground of disinterestedness to justify our intervention between the parent country and its rebellious subjects. We invite the intelligent judgment and approval of mankind as to the purity of our motives.

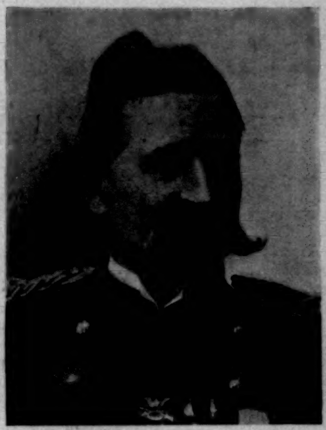
(*Continued on page 1046.*)



PEKING—PLACES OF INTEREST IN AND ABOUT CHINA'S CAPITAL.—DRAWN BY HARRY FENN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.—[SEE PAGE 1031.]

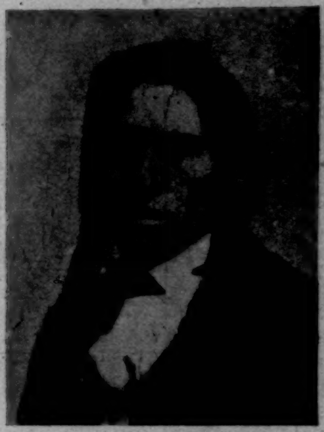
1. Chien-Mên, from Gate of Northern City. 2. Temple of Universal Fragrance, on Summit of Wan-Sho-Shan—Hill of Myriad Ages. 3. Temple of Heaven—Covered Altar. 4. Present Residence of Empress Dowager, 16 Miles north of City, showing Hill of Myriad Ages and Temple of Universal Fragrance. 5. Instrument at the Observatory on the City Wall. 6. Market Square—the Centre of City Life. 7. Coal Hill of the Imperial Palace. 8. American Legation.

BRIG.-GEN. JOHN M. BACON, U.S.A., Commanding U.S. Troops at Leech Lake.



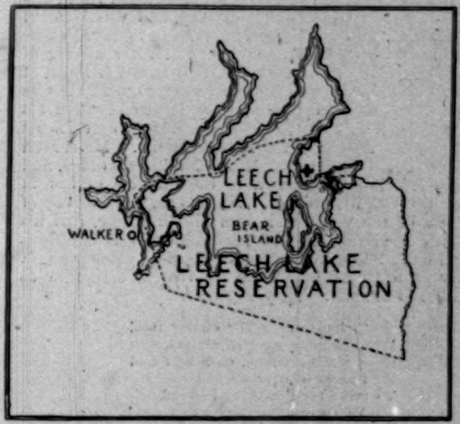
MAJOR MELVILLE C. WILKINSON, U.S.A., Killed by the Pillagers.
Photograph by Zimmerman.

CAPTAIN T. J. SHEEHAN, The famous Indian Fighter Wounded in the Encounter.



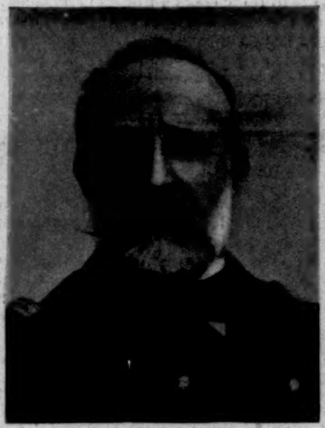
BOGONAGESHIK, Whose resistance to Arrest was the Immediate Cause of the Uprising.

DRAWING BY A CHIPPEWA, SHOWING HOW THE FIRST WHITE MAN MET A CHIPPEWA INDIAN.



LEECH LAKE RESERVATION.

THE PILLAGER INDIAN OUTBREAK AT LEECH LAKE, MINNESOTA, OCTOBER 5, 1898.

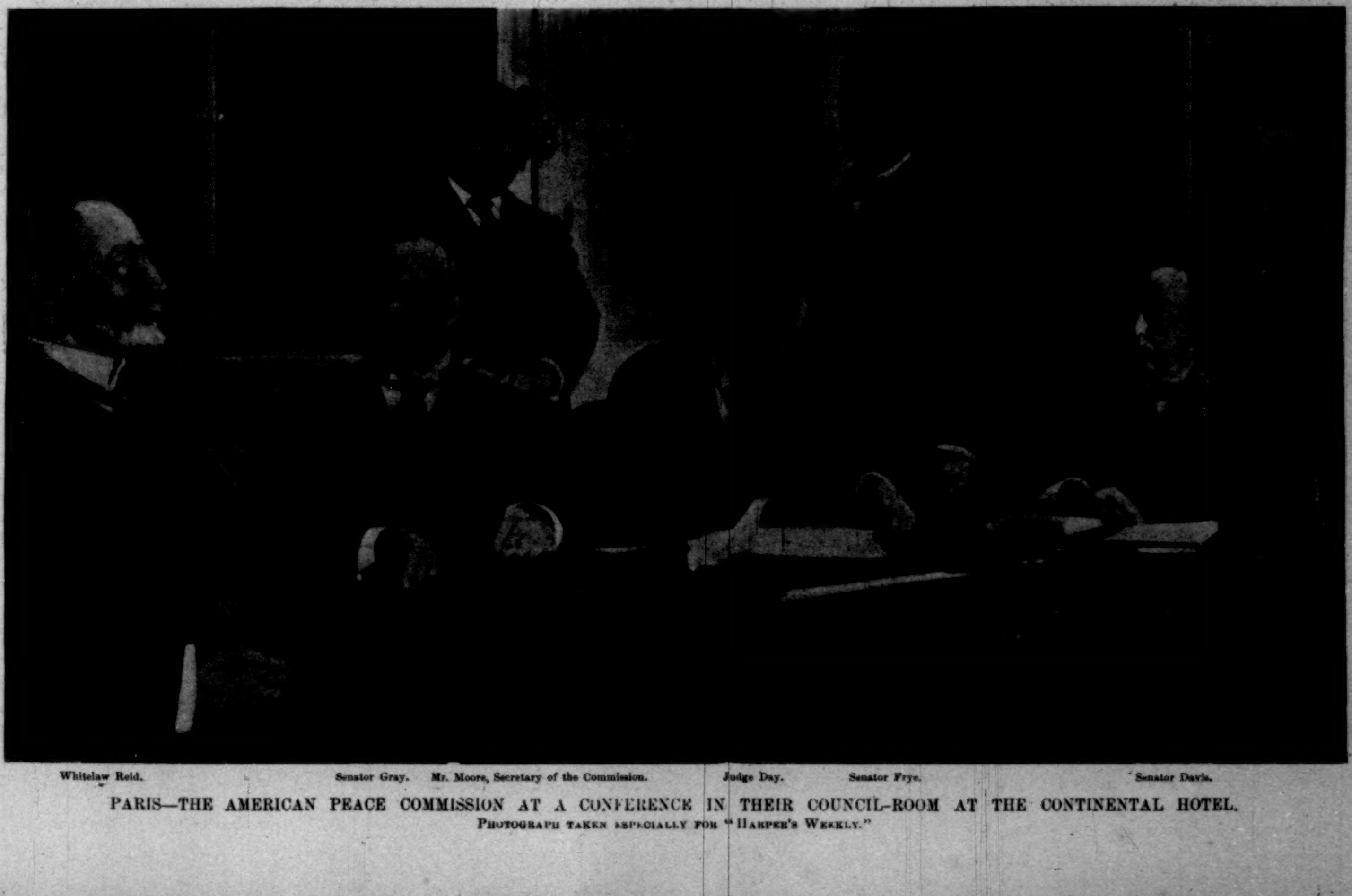


ADMIRAL PASTOR Y LANDERO.

SEÑOR MONTERO RIOS. SEÑOR GUARMIA Y DIAZ.

MARQUIS MONTORO.

PARIS—MEMBERS OF THE SPANISH PEACE COMMISSION.



Whitelaw Reid. Senator Gray. Mr. Moore, Secretary of the Commission. Judge Day. Senator Frye. Senator Davis.

PARIS—THE AMERICAN PEACE COMMISSION AT A CONFERENCE IN THEIR COUNCIL-ROOM AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL.

PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN ESPECIALLY FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

THIS BUSY WORLD

MASSACHUSETTS seems to lose more than her share of promising young men who have made a start in public life. Russell, Andrew, Butler, and others have died prematurely within the last three years, and now Sherman Hoar is taken from her. He died at Concord on October 7, of typhoid fever contracted during his visits this summer to the military camps as agent of the Massachusetts Volunteers' Aid Association. One of his Harvard classmates, who writes to the WEEKLY about him, speaks of him as one of the heroes of the war, and says:

> He used to be a captain in the National Guard, and was as keen for this war as any schoolboy. He organized two companies for it in Concord, but at last promised not to go himself, on account of his four little children. The oldest is only ten. There was no keeping him back from the hospital service later, though. To many it would seem finer to die saving the lives of American soldiers than to die killing Spaniards, but fame gives fewer bays for it. I hope his name will be on the Harvard memorial gate.

Mr. Hoar was the son of Ebenezer Rockwood Hoar, Attorney-General in Grant's first cabinet, and was born in 1860. He distinguished himself in Harvard College (where he graduated in 1882), studied law, and after a year of practice joined the firm of Storey, Thorndike, & Hoar, of which Moorfield Storey was the senior partner. He was sent to Congress as a Democrat in 1890, and when his term expired President Cleveland appointed him United States District Attorney for Massachusetts. He served with exceptional ability and distinction in that office, and when he left it settled down to the practice of law in partnership with his brother. He was regarded as one of the ablest of the younger lawyers in the State, and his death has been mourned in Massachusetts as a serious public loss. Some verses he wrote five years ago, in memory of a friend who died, are remembered now as applicable to himself. They begin:

> God, give unto Thy servant rest!
> Who, finding sorrow all around,
> Gave of his strength, until he found
> He'd given of it all he had
> To make the sorrowing less sad.
> Yes, give unto Thy servant rest!

There must be some millions of Americans still alive who remember A. Oakey Hall as one of the men who gained permanent publicity from Thomas Nast's pictures in HARPER'S WEEKLY of the Tammany Ring in the days of Tweed. He was Mayor of New York from 1869 to 1872, and his portrait was grouped by Nast along with those of Tweed, Connolly, and Sweeny. He was tried for complicity in the Tweed frauds and acquitted, and he lived long enough to have it admitted by men who knew—by Judge Noah Davis, for one—that he was not a guilty accomplice of Tweed. At all events, he kept bad company, and paid a heavy penalty for it, for the men with whom he was associated in Nast's pictures are those with whom every one has associated him ever since.

He was an interesting man, and lived a checkered and eventful life. He was born in 1826, the son of a New York merchant, who died of yellow fever when his boy was three years old. The lad, as he grew up, insisted on having a classical education, and earned money by newspaper writing to pay his way through the New York University, where he graduated in 1844. Then he studied law zealously, in spite of poverty, and was admitted to the bar in New Orleans in 1846. Two years later he came back to New York, and worked for a time at newspaper writing, but practised law also, won reputation at it, and became a member of the firm of Brown, Hall, & Vanderpoel. From 1850 until 1854 he served as assistant district attorney. For many years after that he had an excellent law practice. After Lincoln beat Seward for the Republican nomination for President, Hall joined the Democratic party, and fought Tammany hard until it made terms with him. Three times he was elected district attorney on the Tammany ticket, and in 1868 and again in 1870 he was chosen Mayor. His political career ended with the collapse of Tweed. For a time he disappeared, and it turned out that he went to England. He came back to New York, and occupied himself with newspaper work, playwriting, and to some extent with the practice of law, until his death on October 7.

Blanche Willis Howard, who died in Germany on October 7, wrote a successful story when she was twenty-six years old, which made her literary fortune and determined the course of her life. The story was *One Summer*, published in 1874. The Boston *Transcript* says that 54,000 copies of it were sold, and paid the author twenty-five cents each. The next year Miss Howard, abetted by her publishers, and encouraged by a contract to write weekly letters for the *Transcript*, went abroad to continue a literary career. Most of her life after that was spent abroad. Among her later books were *Aunt Serena*, *Guenn*, *Aulnay Tower*, and a book of travels. In 1890 she was married to Baron von Teuffel, a German physician of note, who died two years ago. For several years she edited an English magazine published in Stuttgart. Besides her other interests and abilities she had a strong bent for music, and herself became an accomplished musician. At the time of her death she was about starting for her winter home on the island of Guernsey. It is told of her that her home life was delightful, and that she had great enjoyment in all out-of-door pleasures—walking, bicycling, swimming—and loved the sea. She was born in Bangor, Maine, in 1847.

A reader of the WEEKLY who believes in high license, and has been to Maine and seen how prohibition works there, suggests these new definitions for Maine's next speller and definer: *License*—the privilege of selling liquor, obtained by the payment of money; *Prohibition*—the right to sell liquor without any payment.

Booker T. Washington's Tuskegee Institute has $300,000 worth of property, of which $58,000 came to it during the year ending June 1. It needs at present $24,000 for heating, lighting, and an increased water-supply, and about $60,000 for new buildings and equipments. Most of all, it needs an endowment fund of $500,000. So says Principal Washington in the Seventeenth Annual Report.

Columbia University starts her 145th year richer and more populous than ever before, with about 2800 students on her rolls. The Freshman class of about 135 is twenty-five per cent. larger than its predecessor. There is a large gain, too, in the university's medical school, and increased attendance in all departments. The new gymnasium, which has just been opened, is exceedingly satisfactory.

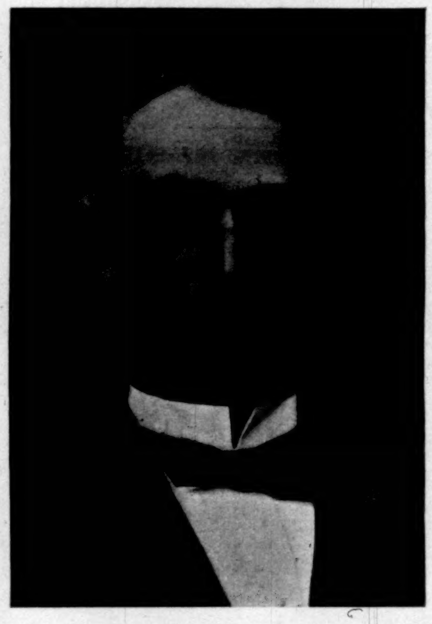
Columbia intends to erect on Amsterdam Avenue a memorial gate to her sons who died in the war. The list includes Sergeant Hamilton Fish, Dr. John Blair Gibbs, Dr. Lindheim, and perhaps others.

Mr. T. Thomas Fortune, who is known to newspaper-readers as a frequent contributor to the *Sun* of articles about our colored brethren and their interests, is a representative colored citizen, and is president of the Afro-American League, and editor of the *Age*. In a speech made in Rochester the other day, at the time of the dedication of the monument to Frederick Douglass, he said:

> "The management of the colored people of the South has been a conspicuous failure. The race has been educated, but race prejudice has not abated. I see other black and yellow peoples about to come under the care of this government. If you rule the black and yellow people in Cuba, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines as the South has been and is being ruled, you will have revolution upon revolution, and you ought to have it."

It is the open season for prophets, and Mr. Fortune's forebodings are worth recording.

The summer brought many examples of the friction between blacks and whites in the South. One of the most interesting cases was that of the Second Texas Volunteers, who refused for a time to accept their pay from Major Lynch, a colored paymaster, but presently relented, and found by a practical test that the money lost none of its value in passing through a negro's hands. A few days ago there was a clash in color lines at the camp at Huntsville, Alabama, which cost three lives; and in Illinois there has been serious fighting over a question of negro labor, as elsewhere told.



HON. THEODORE T. GEER,
Oregon's Farmer, Gold Standard Republican, Governor-Elect.

A great many persons besides Mr. Fortune feel that the future of the negro in this country is a problem that is yet to be solved, and many minds are busy with it all the time. Bishop Turner of Georgia is strongly in favor of negro emigration, and believes that there will presently be a great exodus of American negroes to Africa, where, he thinks, the black men will have a fairer chance, and will prosper better than will ever be possible for them here. An obstacle to the exodus is that few of our negroes have any inclination to go to Africa, but much prefer to stay at home. A correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, who writes from Birmingham, Alabama, believes that relief for such of the Southern negroes as are not content with their social condition will come presently in the form of counties here and there in the South which shall be owned, populated, and administered exclusively or almost altogether by negroes. This reasoner objects strongly to a negro State, but thinks that negro counties would be very useful in providing refuges for negroes who dislike contact with the whites, and want to get out of the shadow of the dominant race. The suggestion is interesting, though its originator admits that it will be long before it is put into practice, as the transfer of the property of any Southern county into negro hands would necessarily be a slow process.

Newspaperdom is interested in the resolution of the New York *Times* to bestow itself daily (except Sundays) upon New York readers for a consideration of one cent. The *Times* of late has been a three-cent paper, and reports a constant gain of readers at that price. But it says that it would prefer to see its circulation increase still faster, so, for the benefit of Greater New York alone, it has reduced its price. It is supporting the Democratic candidate for Governor, and that brings it into competition, so far as politics are concerned, with the *World* and the *Journal*, both one-cent papers. Undoubtedly it will get many more readers at one cent than it can at three, and as it does not intend that any change in its character shall follow the change in its price, the public is to be congratulated in getting a newspaper of so good a quality for so little money. All the same, one cent is not enough to pay for a first-rate morning paper, and possibly the movement of the *Times* may prove to be the first step towards putting that journal and its two competitors aforesaid on a two-cent basis.

There are old business houses in New York, but not many that have been able as yet to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of their establishment in business. The firm of Oelrichs & Co., which achieved that distinction on October 12, was started on that date in 1798 by Casper Meier, who came from Bremen to New York, then a city of 30,000 inhabitants, with a modest stock of goods, mostly consigned to him for sale by friends at home. He began business in Gouverneur Lane, and prospered, in time becoming the American agent of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company, whose president and founder, H. H. Meier, had been his first partner. On Casper Meier's death, in 1839, the firm name had, under the State laws, to be changed, and became L. H. von Post & Oelrichs. The firm has always been engaged in transatlantic commerce, and for years its chief business has been the importation of wool and hides. For a time it was the agent of the German post-office department for the payment of money-orders issued by the German post-offices. The present senior member of the firm, Herman Casper von Post, is a grandson of Casper Meier, the other members being Gustav and Benjamin Schwab, great-grandsons of Meier, and Herman Oelrichs, nephew and namesake of one of his partners.

What with Indian fights in Minnesota and battles with striking miners in Illinois, we hardly miss the excitements of the late war. Late developments in Illinois have been exceedingly grave. There has been trouble at two points—at Pana, forty-two miles southeast of Springfield, and at Virden, twenty-one miles southwest of Springfield. The basis of the rioting is the same at both points. Miners have demanded better wages, have been refused, and have struck. Mine-operators have then attempted to bring in negro laborers from the adjacent States. The striking miners have objected, and fighting has ensued. At Pana, on September 1, the miners captured the president of the mining company and his brother, and held them for some hours as prisoners. On September 30 they stopped a railroad train bringing negro laborers from Indiana, and compelled its return to that State. On October 2 one hundred masked miners from Pana went over to Washington, Indiana, and attacked negroes working in a mine there. Then Governor Tanner reluctantly sent a battery of militia to Pana to keep order.

At Virden the miners struck for an increase of pay from twenty-eight cents to forty cents a ton. The mining company refused the advance, and prepared to bring in negroes. President Louch of the company asked for military protection, and not getting it, employed armed guards of his own. On October 12 a train bringing negro laborers from Alabama was attacked, on its arrival at Virden, by armed miners. A brief but very brisk engagement followed, in which miners, guards, deputy-sheriffs, and negroes took part. Eight men were killed, at least four were mortally wounded, and not less than twenty others were hurt. Four companies of the First Illinois Volunteer Cavalry and other troops were immediately ordered to Virden from Springfield. Governor Tanner has expressed strong sympathy for the strikers, has denounced the policy of the coal companies in importing laborers from outside the State, and has been unwilling to furnish troops to aid in carrying that policy out. The mine-owners blame him for the loss of life. He declares that the trouble is due to "avaricious mine-owners, who have forgotten their duty to society."

Last winter the newspapers in New York made game very freely of the lady whose whim it was to have herself crowned Queen of the Holland Dames. "Queen" was thought to be a somewhat absurd title for an American woman to assume. They seem less squeamish in the boundless West, for one reads that President McKinley, who has been visiting the Omaha Fair, was received, on his arrival at Omaha, by King Ak-Sar-Ben IV. and the board of governors of the King Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben. The festival of the Knights of Ak-Sar-Ben was prevailing at the fair at the time, and the King seems to have been for the time being the head man in the community.

The President had an interesting journey to Omaha, and made many speeches, which were received with boundless enthusiasm. The fair is a very successful show. The buildings and their setting are praised as exceedingly beautiful. There is much to see, and there are great crowds of visitors.

An element of personal interest has been lent to Chinese politics by the belief that for weeks past the Emperor of China has been hiding under a bed, while the Dowager Empress has paraded through the palace with a bowl of poison and a dirk. To most of us the personality of Chinese dignitaries used to be very vague. The only Chinaman that the average newspaper-reader feels that he knows is Li Hung-Chang. Lately we have begun to understand that the Dowager Empress is a real person and an exceedingly effectual one. We would like, at a safe distance, to know her better. News which comes by way of London, dated October 11, says that the Dowager has set up a new Emperor in place of Kuang Hsu, recently discharged. What Kuang Hsu's fate was does not yet appear.

On October 12 the Emperor of Germany started from Berlin on his journey to Constantinople and Jerusalem. He seems to have arranged for a junket besides which the most elaborate Congressional funeral seems simple and insignificant. The Empress goes with him, and his outfit includes a dozen eminent state officers, three ladies of the court, eighteen equerries, a squad of gendarmes armed with cameras, six horses, one hundred and ten trunks, many of them of large size, and a big box containing $800,000 worth of jewels, decorations, and valuable gifts. The Sultan has made exceedingly elaborate and costly preparations to receive him in Constantinople, and forward him by way of Damascus and Joppa to the Holy City. We read of roads two thousand years old being

widened and rebuilt in Palestine, and of a tremendous furbishing up at Jerusalem, even to the replacing of old buildings with new ones that will look better. Banks in Judea are being stocked with money for William. Horses, tents, camels, hotels, silver plate, carpets, and every sort of supply have been made ready beforehand. He is going to Bethlehem, doubtless, with a brass band. He is the one eminent man on earth who could go to Bethlehem with a brass band and feel that he had honored the place.

It will be remembered that his ostensible errand in Jerusalem is to dedicate a German chapel there. His real purpose, folks say, is to start a German colony in Syria. His journey should be vastly interesting, especially on its comic side. One wishes that Mark Twain and Richard Harding Davis might go with him.

Mr. John M. Forbes, who died at the age of eighty-five, on October 12, at his home at Milton, Massachusetts, would have been amply justified in living much longer, since he had shown himself exceedingly competent in his management of the affairs of this world, and in promoting his own comfort and happiness and the prosperity of persons associated with him. He was a notable American, and acquaintance with the incidents of his career really helps to make one feel that success is a pretty good thing even in this world. The Forbes family is of Scotch origin, but Mr. John M. Forbes's grandfather was a Massachusetts clergyman, and his father a merchant. He himself was born in Bordeaux, France, in 1813, but started for home when he was three months old, and eventually reached Boston after being in one successful sea-fight, and being captured by the British next day. He was successful as a merchant, and later grew very rich by able management of railroads and other large concerns. About fifty years ago he bought the island of Naushon, between Buzzards Bay and Vineyard Sound, and made it his summer home. The island is famous for its harbors, its yachts, its deer-shooting, and its hospitalities. The family of which Mr. Forbes was the head has great renown in the worlds of business and of sport, being strong in yachtsmen, horsemen, patriots, fighting-men, and men of affairs.

E. S. Martin.

THE PILLAGER INDIAN OUTBREAK.

On Wednesday, October 5, a fight occurred on the Leech Lake Indian reservation, in northern Minnesota, between a number of Pillager Indians and a party of whites composed of a company of regulars and a marshal's posse. The immediate cause of the trouble is still involved in some doubt, no two persons concerned giving just the same version of it; but most accounts agree in ascribing the collision, in general terms, to an attempt by the United States marshal, R. T. O'Connor, to arrest an Indian named Bogonageshik, belonging to the Pillager band of Chippewas inhabiting Bear Island and the neighboring mainland. The portrait here given is reproduced from one taken several years ago, when Bogonageshik was much more under white influence than now, and shows him in Caucasian clothing. He never, however, ceased to cling to the blanket, even when it had to be used as an adjunct to the costume of civilization. Bogonageshik was one of several Indians required in court as principals or witnesses in prosecutions under the liquor laws. The others had surrendered themselves; but he had first proved very hard to arrest, and then had been forcibly rescued from the marshal's custody by a party of his friends and followers. In trying to capture him a second time, the marshal encountered resistance so formidable that he applied for military aid. General John M. Bacon responded, on orders from the War Department, with Company E, Third United States Infantry, led by Major Melville C. Wilkinson. The posse and soldiers left Walker, the only railroad town on the edge of Leech Lake, and proceeded by boat to a promontory on the mainland just north of Bear Island. Landing in the midst of a heavy snow-storm, they found and captured one Pillager who had been identified as a member of the rescuing party, but saw no signs of a hostile force anywhere. After a march about the shore of the promontory they were about preparing for dinner, when they were surprised by a fusillade from Indians concealed in the woods near by. A sharp exchange of shots followed, but the Indians were able, as a rule, to keep out of sight among the timber, and it is supposed that they carried off most of their dead and wounded, so as to hide the extent of their loss.

The official reports telegraphed to Washington, describing this fight and the skirmishes which followed during the next two days, were so meagre that neither the authorities of the War Department nor of the Interior Department could extract from them a complete story of the trouble. All they could learn positively was that Major Wilkinson, five soldiers, and one Indian policeman had been killed, and nine soldiers, one Indian policeman, and one deputy marshal wounded. The white settlers scattered through the country near Leech Lake were, as usual in such cases, utterly panic-stricken, most of them deserting their homes and making their way to the nearest towns, in fear of a general Chippewa outbreak. General Bacon sent word to Washington on Friday that he considered the insurrection subdued, but neither the Governor of Minnesota nor the terrified settlers agreed with him. Orders were therefore sent him to put the regulars of his command, and also the volunteer troops at Minneapolis, at the service of the State, if, on consultation with the Governor, he found such extra force necessary.

The Bear Island outbreak has caused much surprise in Washington, as the Chippewas have been from time immemorial the friends of the whites. The impelling grievance, it is thought, must have been much more serious than appears on the surface. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs was so impressed with this idea that he was unwilling to trust the handling of the matter to Indian Agent Sutherland and Inspector Tinker, who had hastened into the Leech Lake country at the first alarm, but started at once for Minnesota to take personal charge of it. Those persons who know most of the conditions prevailing among the Minnesota Chippewas believe that he will find the causes of friction cumulative. The origin of the whole difficulty probably dates back to a purchase of land made by the government from the Pillagers in 1847. The tract contained nearly 700,000 acres, and the Indians let it go for $15,000, with the understanding that the government was buying it to make a home for the Menominee Indians, who were friends of the Pillagers, and also of the hereditary foes of the Chippewa nation, the Sioux. The reason the Pillagers were willing to part with the land was that it lay between their home and the home of the Sioux, so that the presence of the friendly Menominees there would serve as a barrier against the predatory raids of the Sioux, and insure a permanent peace for all parties concerned.

But the government had, as so often before and since, made a promise it was unable to fulfil. The Menominees refused to remove to their proposed new reservation. Instead, they relinquished their claim upon it in consideration of receiving back a part of their old lands in Wisconsin and a generous sum of money. It has never been possible to make the Pillagers believe that they were not shamelessly cheated in this labyrinth of bargains. As they accepted the $15,000 agreed upon, their strict legal rights in the land have of course been extinguished, though their moral claim survives against the government for its failure to carry out what they deemed the most important feature of the agreement of 1847. Their more progressive men, who have adopted the ways of civilization, and consented to let bygones be bygones for the sake of keeping the peace with the whites, have held the smaller restless element in check, but the sense of injustice has never ceased to rankle sorely even in their breasts.

The tract purchased for the Menominees, when rejected and ceded to the government by the latter tribe, was thrown open to white settlement, with the usual result. Lawless men swarmed into the villages and small towns, and opened dram-shops for the sale of "Indian whiskey," in contemptuous defiance of the statutes. The white man's whiskey is bad enough in its effect upon the red man, but "Indian whiskey" is a compound of crude alcohol, strychnine, and a variety of other ingredients, which, united, make a fiery but quickly stupefying drink. Indians who came into town with something to sell would, as soon as they had got their money, spend a quarter or a half dollar for this liquor, and, when overcome by it, be robbed of whatever they had still in their pockets.

But the outrage did not end here. Deputy marshals of the United States, often recruited from behind the illicit bars, made a fat living by arresting men engaged in the Indian whiskey traffic, subpœnaing Indian witnesses by the dozen, and carrying both prisoners and witnesses off to St. Paul, where the Federal courts were held. The largest part of this business was collusive. One dram-seller would be fined or sentenced to a brief imprisonment; another would be discharged for lack of competent evidence against him; in both cases the officers would pocket large sums of government money under the guise of mileage, witness fees, charges for hotel accommodations, and the like, sharing their plunder with their friends the prisoners. The Indian witnesses were encouraged to respond to their subpœnas by being given a free excursion to the city, a "good time" while there, and perhaps a trifle in cash by way of a makeweight. At one time this abuse became so gross that the Secretary of the Interior felt compelled to protest against it to the Attorney-General, some three hundred Indians being simultaneously absent from their reservations and in charge of deputy marshals at St. Paul, to their own demoralization and the downright robbery of the government.

The older and soberer Indians realized that the lives of their young men were being wrecked by this practice, but their earnest appeals counted for little. At last, however, the marshals overreached themselves by trying to make too much money out of their speculation in witnesses. A member of the Bear Island band of Pillagers was carried off as a witness, and when he returned was sick and famished, having walked 160 miles without food. He explained that the deputy who had taken him away and made use of his testimony had refused him the money necessary to pay his fare back by the cars or buy meals on the journey. This aroused great indignation among the Indians, and is said to have been at the bottom of the recent resistance to the authority of Marshal O'Connor. The marshal denies the Indian's story, but the outbreak will undoubtedly bring about an investigation, which may not be wholly barren of good results.

The Minnesota Chippewas at large have another grievance against the government in the way the Department of the Interior has permitted them to be robbed right and left under the pretence of disposing of their timber. The outrages perpetrated upon the Chippewas of the Red Lake country were exposed a year ago last winter, when it was discovered that the so-called expert estimators appointed by the government to appraise their growing timber, preliminary to its purchase by white lumbermen, were not experts at all, but were political heelers who knew nothing about the business, and wasted the Indians' money in salaries and expenses while making worthless guesses at the quantities, varieties, and values of the timber. Sitting in the bar-room of a backwoods hotel, or playing cards in a comfortable camp, they would make up their reports out of nothing tangible. As typical of these frauds may be cited one case where they reported 65,000 feet of pine as growing on a tract which, on investigation, was found to contain 782 feet; or another, where the report showed 25,000 feet and investigation showed 75,000; or a third, where the estimators reported 45,000 feet, and the tract was found to contain none at all! Swindling as bad in kind, though possibly somewhat modified in degree, has been, and probably still is, in progress in other parts of the Chippewa country.

In the mind of the educated white man one grievance does not necessarily lap over upon another, and wrongs perpetrated by individuals are not charged up against a whole race. The Indian's mind works differently. His patriarchal system has trained him to regard the family, the band, the tribe, or the race as a unit, and to regard all men of one color, or all representatives of one government, as sharing responsibility for the sins committed by a single element or a single person in the same category with them. Keeping this difference in view, it will be easier to understand why one of the less progressive bands of Pillagers, cherishing memories of the broken compact of 1847, seeing their fellow-tribesmen turned over to the spoilers in the logging-camps, and being themselves victims of the rapacity of dram-sellers and law officers, should reach a point of desperation where they are willing to resort to the one remedy which seemed open to them—the shedding of white blood.

Francis E. Leupp.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA.

A Chinese phrase, for which we shall hardly find an exact equivalent in the English language, will help us to separate truth from error—or at least the probable from the unlikely—when we read such despatches as those recently published in regard to the flight, assassination, or suicide of the Chinese Emperor. The phrase may be literally translated, "to save his face." Any high official of the empire may apply it to himself in certain contingencies, and may think that he defends his personal credit and that of his office by committing suicide when threatened with removal. In the case of the Emperor his sense of propriety and the rule of etiquette would leave him no choice. If his successor has been chosen, or it becomes quite certain that a successor is to be appointed immediately, he must "save his imperial face." It will not be necessary to murder him.

In his Forbidden City, which is surrounded by the Imperial City, and that in turn by the walled town commonly known as the Tartar City, the Emperor has less real security than the poorest Canton fisherman, who can at least foresee a danger, if he cannot control his surroundings.

The towers and larger buildings of the Purple Forbidden City are shown in the illustration on the first page of this number of the Weekly—a view which will have the added interest of complete novelty for our readers. On another page the Market Square, the busy centre of the city's life, contrasts with the residence of the Dowager Empress, which, although in a sense the central point of the Orient, is about sixteen miles north of the capital, on Wan-sho-shan (the "Ten Thousand Years Hill"); and the drawing of the "Coal Hill" of the Imperial Palace recalls one of those extraordinary stories which may be repeated without apology. Briefly told, it is this: The city was besieged, on a time; the supply of fuel gave out; it became impossible to boil the drinking water, and a pestilence carried off soldiers and simple folk with that prodigality which seems to be strictly Asiatic. So, then, when the protocol had been signed, a mountain of coal was taken from the greatest mine in the world, little by little, and by cart-load and basketful placed where you see it—covered with rich earth, planted, decorated, and still a coal-mine, aboveground, and at hand for use in future sieges. It seems to be rather queer, but that is because our point of view is Occidental. The Temple of Heaven, of which we see the characteristic part in the illustration No. 3, is in the centre of the southern or Chinese city, which does not grow around the other cities which we

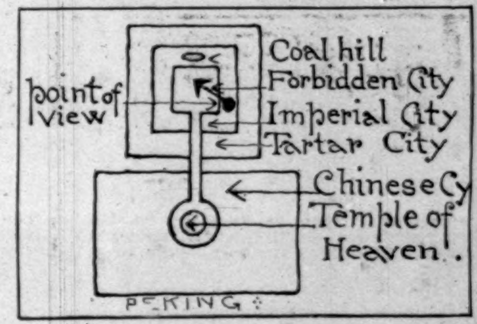


DIAGRAM OF THE CITY OF PEKING.
Showing the Point of View from which the Front-Page Illustration in this number was taken.

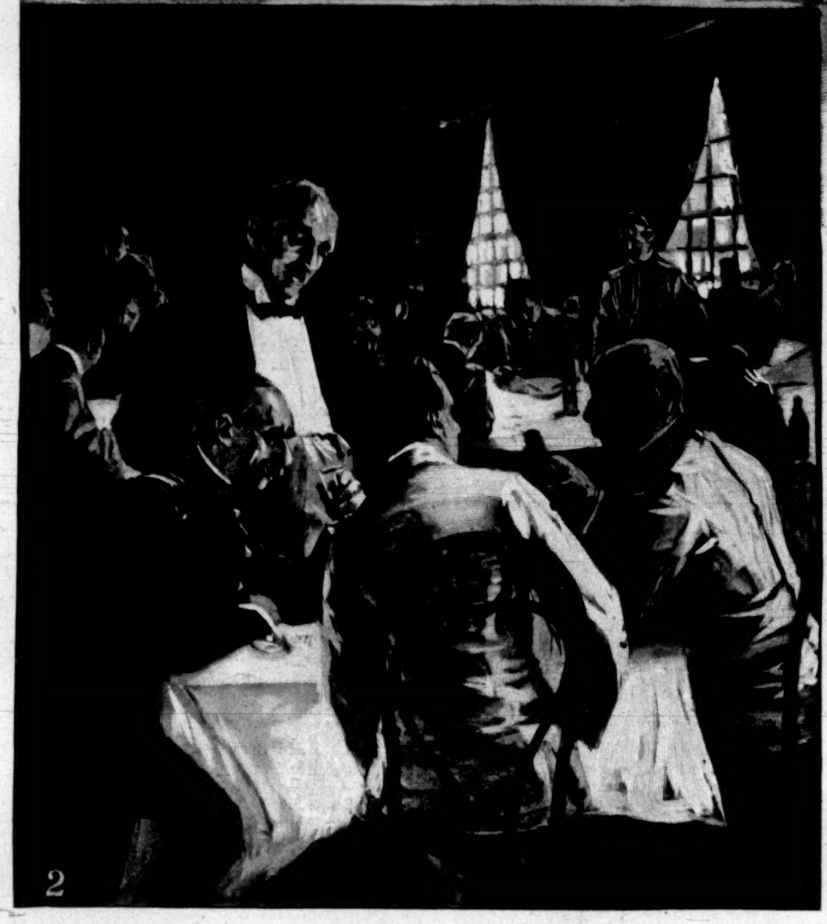
have mentioned. The little diagram given herewith has a political significance that should not be missed. The Chinese and their conquerors have not amalgamated. If you travel into the heart of the continent, after having mastered the language of the capital, you must master dialects like distinct languages. It is a country now to be broken up, not merely because it is unprogressive, but because it has been rent and riven by successive invasions.

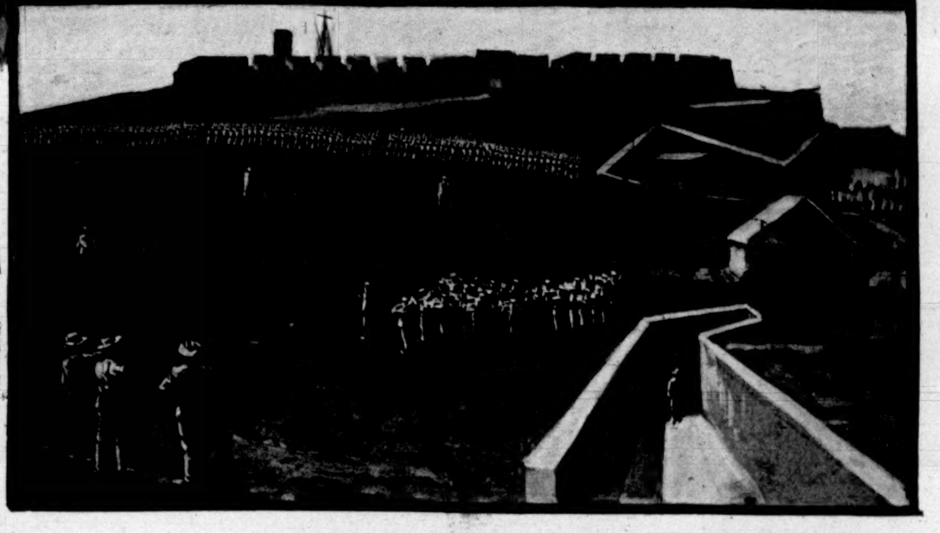
An American long resident in Peking, who secured these uncommon views, has had opportunities for acquainting himself with the true sentiment of the ruling class in China at the present time. He asserts that the Chinese do not love Russia, but regard America as their natural ally, and prefer England to the sullen neighbor on the north—from which quarter the kingdom's enemies have come from time immemorial. Li Hung-Chang and Prince Kung, the Prime Minister and substitute for Li in the latter's absence, have coquetted with Russia in order to bring England to the point—that is, a substantial guaranty of the integrity of China against Russian aggression; and no arrangement that has been entered into would be allowed to stand in the way of a favorable convention with the United States. The ninth Emperor of the Manchu dynasty of Tsing, a young man of twenty-seven years, was gravely indiscreet when he let it be known that he entertained opinions in regard to the development and modernization of his nation. The Dowager Empress and Li were engaged in certain preliminary matters that appeared to have a wholly different tendency. The crisis had reached the diplomatic stage, when this licensed idler, from within his triple walls, where the most pampered existence out of Christendom seemed absolutely secure, lifted a puny voice in favor of reforms in the fashion of the West.

With this situation in mind, it is worth while to re-read the conflicting despatches which were sent out to those regions visited by the sun after it has spent its force upon the Celestial Empire. Toward the end of last month an imperial edict regretted the increasing ill health of the Emperor, and the fact that the succession had been provided for was not long withheld. Three weeks later the world was still in doubt as to his fate, the report on October 14 being that he lay at the point of death in a small building near the palace of the Empress.

The old Empress Dowager has virtually ruled China, as well as controlled the young Emperor, during half a lifetime. She had appointed him to succeed to the throne on her son's death, had supervised his education, and chosen his wives for him. He had no contact with the outside world, and was supposed not to know or care what happened beyond the Tartar City walls, which are sixty feet thick.

M. W.

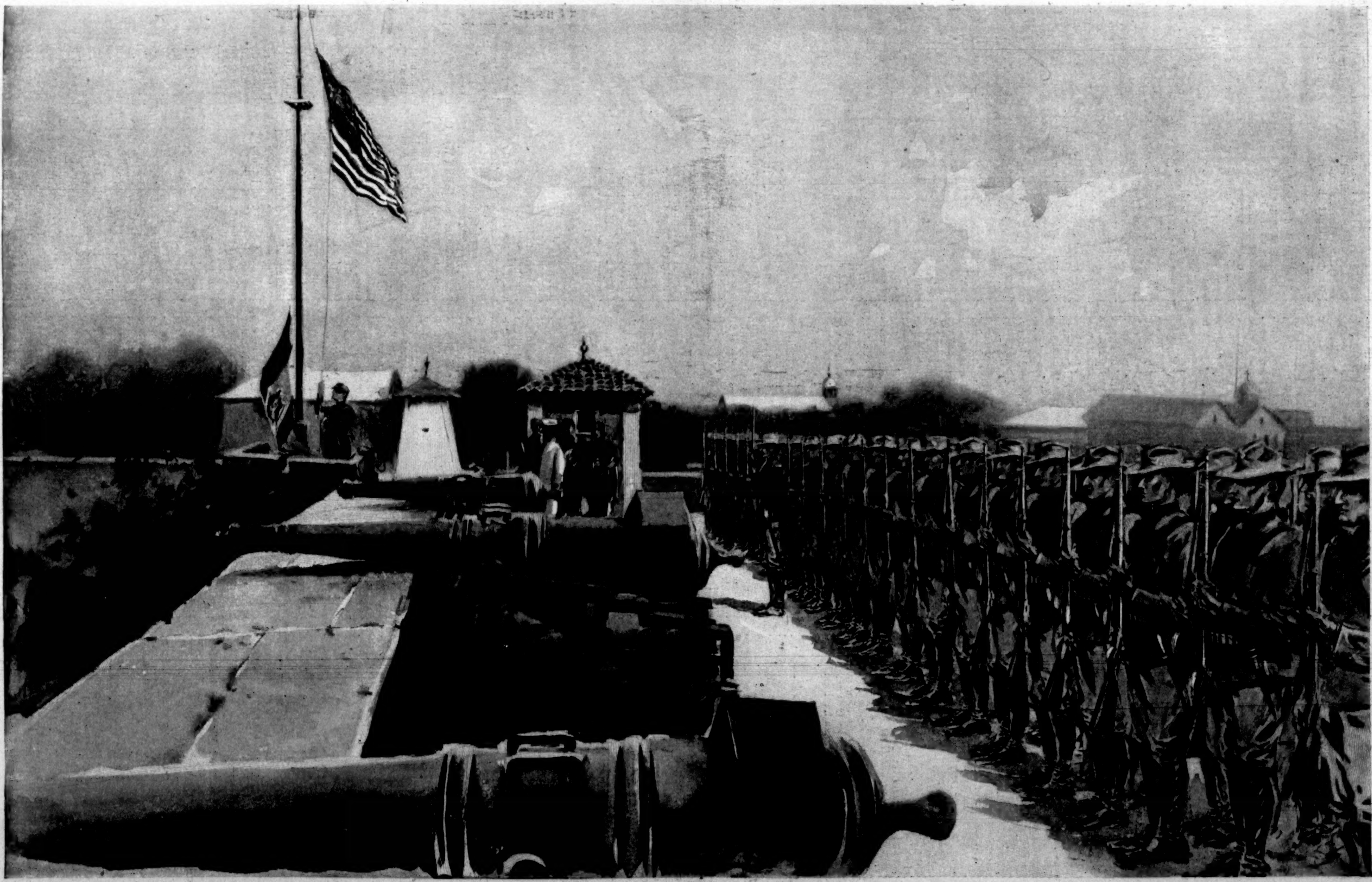




SCENES IN PUERTO RICO.

SKETCHES BY T. DART WALKER, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

1. Some Effects of the Bombardment of San Juan by Admiral Sampson. 2. Hotel Angleterre, San Juan. 3. Church of San José, struck by a Shell. 4. American Officers watching Spanish Troops drilling near Morro Castle. 5. Morro Castle from the Front, showing Effect of Sampson's Shells.



THE FALL OF MANILA—RAISING THE AMERICAN FLAG OVER FORT SANTIAGO ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 13, 1898.

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MERRITT'S FORCES.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE FALL OF MANILA," BY JOHN F. BASS, IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.]

LONDON.

October 1, 1898.

THE month of September in England is generally known as the silly season. Discussions on the marriage-tie, descriptions of the sea-serpent, and rumors of gigantic turnips are the topics that usually fill the newspapers. The month that closed yesterday has drained our nervous force. The Tsar's manifesto, the fresh dismissal of the traitor Li Hung-Chang and his restoration to power, the abdication or removal of the Chinese Emperor, the rebellion in South China, the battle of Omdurman, the violation of Egyptian soil by the French, the murder of the Austrian Empress, the Cretan massacres of British troops, the English ultimatum to Turkey, the Anglo-German agreement, the sensational development of the conspiracy against Captain Dreyfus, the revelation of a military camarilla in France, the accession and attempted assassination of the Queen of Holland, the defeat of Mr. Rhodes in South Africa, the Bismarckian revelations, the opening up of public discussion on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, and the death of the Queen of Denmark are seventeen events which will make September, 1898, memorable in the annals of our time. Of all these incidents, probably the concurrence of the Dreyfus exposure and the Fashoda affair is likely to have the most far-reaching historical consequences. Although neither the French nor the English newspapers openly refer to the sinister prospects of France in the near future, many intelligent Frenchmen—both revisionists and anti-Dreyfusards—expect barricades in the streets of Paris before many months have passed. The anti-Semites and those who from various causes are opposed to the revision of the Dreyfus trial declare that revision is only a cloak to hide the revolutionary spirit that has begun to show its head, and that the "Intellectuals," the Jews, and the Socialists are all concerned in a conspiracy for the overthrow of the French constitution. It is impossible to induce an average Frenchman to speak calmly on the supporters of Dreyfus. It is an axiom that they are animated by the basest of motives; that Zola, for instance, published his article, "J'accuse," in the *Aurore* merely in return for pecuniary gratification from the syndicate; that the "Intellectuals" only mix in the affair from ambition and pride, and the Socialists from love of change and communistic predilections for anarchy and petroleum. "Traitor" is the synonym of a supporter of justice to Dreyfus; "patriot," of the docile Frenchman who believes what his newspaper tells him, and who shouts, "*Vive l'armée!* Down with the traitors!" whenever it is suggested that an innocent man has been illegally condemned.

The Fashoda incident, under these circumstances, becomes specially interesting, because it is probably the final episode in the long struggle between England and France for the trade belonging to the great river valleys of the world. Fashoda belongs historically to the great struggle with France which began under William of Orange and was erroneously supposed to end with the battle of Waterloo. For one hundred and twenty-six years, from 1689 to 1815, we were engaged in seven great wars. These wars either began as wars with France or soon became so. There is, therefore, some reason, apart from the folly of kings, which forces the English continually to be in conflict with the French. These wars were caused by the instinct of self-preservation—the strongest instinct of humanity. They were mercantile wars, and the fundamental reason for each of them was that the English were afraid that the French would take from them the colonies they had, and so close their markets; and they also saw a good chance of enlarging their own markets, first at the expense of the French, and latterly by maintaining the "open door." The historic meeting of Kitchener and Marchand at Fashoda is possibly the last occasion on which the French and English will meet for the division of a continent. The result will be the same on the Nile as it was in India when Clive met Dupleix; in Canada when Wolfe met Montcalm; in Australia when Governor Philip was enabled to lay the foundations of a great English nation in consequence of the wreck of the French expedition under La Pérouse; at Trafalgar when Nelson met Villeneuve, and gave to the British eighty years start in the race for trade and empire; and lastly, in Cairo when Lord Cromer, in the teeth of fifteen years of almost intolerable provocation from successive French residents, founded an Egyptian empire, over which our flag will float as long as it floats over the Tower of London. The interior affairs of France are notoriously in a deplorable condition. The news of a military *coup d'état* would be surprising to nobody. Faith in their rulers has deserted the French people. The usual device of baffled and incompetent governments has always been to invoke trouble from abroad to distract attention from domestic difficulties. In France the plan is consecrated by frequent use. Not one Frenchman in a hundred thousand ever heard of Fashoda before Lord Kitchener saved Major Marchand's life by distracting the attention of the Khalifa by the battle of Omdurman. But for Kitchener, Marchand's party would have been butchered to a man. Even in the hour of impending attack the Khalifa found time and opportunity to despatch two steamers in order to ascertain the extent and position of the French force.

The meeting of the Sirdar and Marchand has done credit to both. Lord Kitchener acted wisely and with tact, while Major Marchand behaved like a gentleman of France. Nothing would have been easier than for Kitchener, by the tyrannous use of overwhelming force, to have hurried England into her twenty-fifth war with France by wounding the susceptibilities of the brave soldier explorer. I am told that Kitchener's language to Marchand was prescribed for him by Lord Salisbury. The attitude of the English press is one of reserve, although the fear is strongly expressed in society and political circles that Lord Salisbury, who suffered the Russians to require British men-of-war to leave Port Arthur, will enter into a discussion with the French government as to whether the French flag should fly at Fashoda. It is, however, somewhat extraordinary that the British public have been allowed to obtain their first authoritative news as to the presence of the French on the Nile from a statement of M. Delcasse, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. There seems to be no sense in keeping the public in the dark. There is no elaborate policy to shape which must be concealed from the British tax-payer. British policy on the Nile is unalterable. The case is beyond discussion, for there is no *modus vivendi* possible between the most gallant and honorable of invaders and the lawful owner of the territory upon which he has trespassed. Withdrawal from Fashoda is the only avenue of escape for the French government. If they are humiliated they have themselves or their predecessors to thank. If the French refuse to withdraw—and at this time anything may happen—the respective governments of England and France will be supported by an enthusiastic public on both sides of the Channel, if the newspapers of both countries are to be believed. Sensible men in France, however, those with a stake in the country and a care for the future, are fully aware of the impossible position in which France has placed herself. Even if Fashoda were to be retained, which is as likely as that the Isle of Wight will be ceded to France, it would be useless to her. Annoyance to England was the sole motive of the Marchand expedition. To send an armed party of Frenchmen absolutely without a base to occupy Egyptian territory and defy the joint power of England, Egypt, and India—for Indian forces could land at Suakim within ten days from the date of an order from London—is so wild a scheme that it can end in nothing but futility. When the Fashoda incident is settled, the French power of annoyance in Egypt will probably be considerably curtailed before the coming winter is over. The French, aided by the Russians, who have no interests in Egypt, block the way by opposing grants being allowed for the Egyptian War Department by the Caisse de la Dette. In January next the existing international arrangements will be modified.

In English government circles it is maintained that everything has passed off at Fashoda exactly as was anticipated, and that the French flag at Fashoda means no more than the display of a British union-jack from the window of an English shop in Paris. There is nothing in British or Egyptian law to prevent Major Marchand from displaying the tricolor, so long as he refrains from any act of hostility against the country in which he is sojourning. I have reason to believe that while Lord Salisbury is resolute in maintaining the British contention as to the whole length of the Nile Valley, he is inspired with every wish to assist the French to extricate themselves from the false position in which they are placed. The British government will not allow armed re-enforcements to reach Major Marchand, and without stores or assistance he will not find it easy to remain where he is. Courteous and patient adherence to our declarations of policy on the subject of the Nile Valley is not considered incompatible with the neutralization of the Nile from the Great Lakes to the Mediterranean. The Suez Canal is already neutralized under international law, and the principle which has proved so successful there is likely to be extended to the Egyptian waterway. While, therefore, it is impossible that England should admit any other power to a share of the protectorate of Egypt, the policy of the "open door" will be illustrated by an object-lesson in the shape of an "open river." When Lord Salisbury proclaims that the Nile is one of the highways of the world in which all comers have equal rights of trade, our rivals will see that England seeks no exclusive advantages in territories which her arms have won back to civilization. Antecedent to any such declaration, however, must be the recognition of the inevitable by France. Close observers will note that England at the present juncture is specially polite to France, and the latter would be well advised to remember Mr. Kipling's hint—

"But oh! beware of my country when my country grows polite."

Now that the Egyptian Sudan has been conquered, English commercial men are beginning to ask whether the game is worth the candle. It will be a long time before any considerable demand is created for goods of British or American manufacture. Such demand as there is will probably be met by the peddling of cheap and nasty German wares by Greek agents. The population of the Sudan has no money to buy Anglo-Saxon goods. At the same time nearly $5,000,000 a year are being spent in the Nile Valley through the Egyptian army alone, and the result of this will be to awaken the dormant trading passion in the Sudanese. The trade in wild beasts, which has been closed for fourteen years, will be reopened. A certain amount of ivory will find its way down the Nile; but gum-arabic, which was formerly one of the staple products of the Sudan, has been superseded during the Mahdist rebellion by chemical substitutes. Minerals in the only form in which they can be worked adjacent to fuel, do not exist. Precious stones and gold have yet to be discovered. The probability is that the assistance of a large number of Greeks, who already monopolize such commerce as exists, will have to be called in to the help of the British or American merchant attempting to open up commercial relations with the territory now thrown open to the world.

Lord Kitchener is shortly to leave Egypt, and will be the guest of the Lord Mayor on November 4. His eyesight is grievously affected. For fifteen years he has worked at small things and done great ones. He is to-day a junior major-general, and has commanded an army of six brigades in the field. Few of his senior officers have ever done as much. For fifteen years he has worked his officers and men mercilessly. The regulations of the Egyptian army allow no married men on the staff or in places of responsibility. In this Kitchener adopts the same rule as Mr. Rhodes. Marriage interferes with tropical work. Sick-leave has been given to any officer who breaks down once. A second illness severs the connection between any officer in Kitchener's force and the Egyptian army. To serve Kitchener as he will be served, a man must be wax to receive, marble to retain, and iron to execute. He must be obedient as a member of the Order of Jesus, endowed with a will of steel, and possess nerves of wire. If the Sirdar is not much loved, and has made no friends in recent years, he is not unpopular. No general is unpopular who is always successful. The men who have fought under Kitchener, and who are now returning by twos and threes to London, say that when one goes forth to battle under our Iron General victory is assured, and when men trust their leader it is equivalent to the addition of many battalions to the army. Kitchener was cold as ice when there was work to do, but he broke down and wept bitterly at the burial service on Gordon, which was held on the ruins of the palace at Khartum on Sunday, September 4. He is a Liberal, and his stern character is strengthened by profound religious conviction. There is the greatest fear at the War Office that he will be appointed to high administrative office. The civilian clerks, about whom I have something to say later on, will get short shrift if Kitchener is let loose among them.

The disturbed state of the world is turning the thoughts of intelligent people to the state of the British army, and especially to the control exercised by the British War Office. The Indian and Egyptian armies, being exempt from the bureaucratic control of Pall Mall, are in a state of efficiency, but the deplorable nature of the system in force at headquarters in London is gradually being brought home to the people, and should be a solace to Americans who do not regard General Alger and perfection as convertible terms. A droll document has just been presented to Parliament under the title of a "Report of a Committee appointed by the Secretary of State for War to consider the Decentralization of War Office Business." In this blue-book broad farce is mingled with the seeds of tragedy. To Americans, angered with the defective organization of their own army, some passages from the farce disclosed by the latest blue-book on the British army may prove both interesting and amusing. The principal fact brought out by the evidence is that the home army is strangled by red-tape wielded by hundreds of civilian clerks, who have managed to snatch the real control of the army out of the hands of experienced generals. All power is concentrated in London. A general officer commanding a district in the United Kingdom is not trusted to expend a larger sum than five dollars on his own judgment. Mr. Ismay stated in evidence that a White Star captain with a salary of $4000 a year may be trusted with the unfettered expenditure of $100,000. The New York agent of the same firm is allowed to control $2,000,000 a year. A British lieutenant-general is trusted by the civilian staff of the War Office to the extent of twenty shillings. Some time ago the Admiralty was afflicted in the same way as the War Office, and there is a story of a post-captain whose claim for a cab fare from the dock-yard gates to Portsmouth Railway Station was refused on the ground that there was no evidence of his having made the journey. The reply of the gallant officer is historical. He is reputed to have said, "In the first place, I am a post-captain in her Majesty's navy, and I have in fact taken the cab, but if evidence is required I can produce the testimony of a beggar and a street-walker, who were on the spot at the time, and who would doubtless satisfy their lordships."

A story illustrating red-tape was told me the other day by an engineer officer. In the course of his duties, which involved travelling over the country, he sent in a bill which contained a charge, "porter, 6*d*." The word porter is one of those dubious terms in the English language which are capable of two interpretations. One signifies the man who carries one's baggage at a railway station; the other is the form of black beer which is known under the name of "porter." When my informant, therefore, claimed a return of the sixpence he had expended, he was told by the War Office authorities that alcoholic drinks were not to be included in the travelling allowance of officers. He rejoined that he was not claiming for alcoholic drink, but for the hire of a man to transport his baggage at a station. Upon which the sapient official rejoined that in future he should not claim for porter, but porterage. On the next occasion on which this officer, who was a wag, was travelling on behalf of his country, he sent in a bill which included the item, "cabbage, 2*s*." The bill was promptly returned by the War Office authorities, with the statement that green vegetables were not to be included in the travelling allowance of officers. The officer replied that he did not mean to imply that he had bought green vegetables, but that he had taken a cab, and that as when he had asked for the hire of a porter he was instructed to call it porterage, he could only presume that he was carrying out their lordships' wishes in claiming for the return of the sum he had laid down on the transport of his person and goods from the station under the head of "cabbage." The real trouble in the British War Office is that the regulations and warrants under which the British army now serves have grown up entirely for the benefit of War Office clerks, and serve to find work for them at the War Office rather than to find control for the army. If the ridiculous regulations were abolished to-morrow, as they will be if Lord Kitchener is installed in power, the War Office clerks will find in practice that they have nothing to do. Some months ago certain buildings at Dover Castle were burnt down. The general in command was Major-General Sir William Butler, K. C. B., the husband of Elizabeth Thompson, who painted the "Roll Call." Sir William Butler has a pretty wit, and when under examination by the recent War Office committee the incident referred to furnished the general with an opportunity for the following trenchant remark:

"The certificate and report system is in its nature misleading. On the occasion of the recent fire at the officers' quarters, Dover Castle, the reports and certificates dealing with the prevention of fire were of the most satisfactory nature. *Everybody had done his duty. The place was burnt strictly according to regulation.*"

The theatrical season has reopened, the most important item being the introduction of "Macbeth" at the Lyceum by Mr. Forbes Robertson. The conception is founded on Irvingite lines, and although full of feeling and charm, the representation is not equal to the "Hamlet" produced by the same artist earlier in the year. The tendency to decry Sir Henry Irving and to belittle the immense service he has rendered to Anglo-Saxon dramatic art begins to attract attention. Sir Henry Irving is more than an interpreter of dramatic art. He is a personal force of the period, and has won the affectionate regard of his fellow-countrymen. The constant streams of attack from both sides of the Atlantic directed against him and against Miss Ellen Terry are, as I have reason to know, as unfounded as they are distasteful. The rumors of a dissolution of the theatrical partnership between Sir Henry and Miss Terry are devoid of foundation, and the imputation of strained relations between the two artists is equally unveracious.

ARNOLD WHITE.

THE AWKWARD AGE.*

BY HENRY JAMES, AUTHOR OF "DAISY MILLER," "AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE," ETC.

VII.

LORD PETHERTON, a man of five-and-thirty, whose robust but symmetrical proportions gave to his dark blue double-breasted coat an air of tightness that just failed of compromising his tailor, had for his main facial sign a certain pleasant brutality, the effect partly of a bold, handsome parade of carnivorous teeth, partly of an expression of nose suggesting that this feature had paid a little, in the heat of youth, for some aggression at the time admired and even publicly commemorated. He would have been ugly, he substantively granted, had he not been happy, he would have been dangerous had he not been warranted. Many things, doubtless, performed for him this last service, but none so much as the delightful sound of his voice, the voice, as it were, of another man, a nature reclaimed, supercivilized, adjusted to the perpetual "chaff" that kept him smiling in a way that would have been a mistake, and indeed an impossibility, if he had really been witty. His bright familiarity was that of a young prince whose confidence had never had to falter, and the only thing that at all qualified the resemblance was the equal familiarity excited in his subjects.

Mr. Mitchett had so little intrinsic appearance that an observer would have felt indebted, as an aid to memory, to the rare prominence of his colorless eyes and the positive attention drawn to his chin by the precipitation of its retreat from detection. Dressed, on the other hand, not as gentlemen dress, in London, to pay their respects to the fair, he excited by the exhibition of garments that had nothing in common save the violence and the independence of their pattern a suspicion that, in the desperation of humility, he wished to make it public that he had thrown to the winds the effort to please. It was written all over him that he had judged, once for all, his personal case, and that as his character, superficially disposed to gayety, deprived him of the resource of shyness and shade, the effect of comedy might not escape him if secured by a real plunge. There was comedy therefore in the form of his pot-hat and the color of his spotted shirt, in the systematic disagreement, above all, of his coat, waistcoat and trousers. It was only on long acquaintance that his so many ingenious ways of showing that he recognized his commonness could present him as secretly rare.

"And where's the child, this time?" he asked of his hostess as soon as he was seated near her.

"Why do you say 'this time'?—as if it were different from any other time!" she replied, as she gave him his tea.

"Only because, as the months and the years elapse, it's more and more of a wonder, whenever I don't see her, to think what she does with herself—or what you do with her. What it does show, I suppose," Mr. Mitchett went on, "is that she takes no trouble to meet me."

"My dear Mitchy," said Mrs. Brookenham, "what do *you* know about 'trouble'—either poor Nanda's, or mine, or anybody's else? You've never had to take any in your life, you're the spoiled child of fortune, and you skim over the surface of things in a way that seems often to represent you as supposing that everybody else has wings. Most other people are sticking fast in their native mud."

"Mud, Mrs. Brook—mud, mud!" he protestingly cried as, while he watched his fellow-visitor move to a distance with their host, he glanced about the room, taking in afresh the Louis Quinze secretary, which looked better closed than open, and for which he always had a knowing eye. "Remarkably charming mud!"

"Well, that's what a great deal of the element really appears, to-day, to be thought; and precisely, as a specimen, Mitchy dear, those two French books you were so good as to send me and which—really, this time, you extraordinary man!" She fell back, intimately reproachful, from the effect produced on her, renouncing all expression save that of the rolled eye.

"Why, were they particularly dreadful?"—Mitchy was honestly surprised. "I rather liked the one in the blue cover—what's the confounded thing called?—I thought it had a sort of a something-or-other." He had cast his eye about as if for a glimpse of the forgotten title, and she caught the question as he vaguely and good-humoredly dropped it.

"A kind of a morbid modernity? There *is* that," she dimly conceded.

"Is that what they call it? Awfully good name. You must have got it from old Van!" he gayly declared.

"I dare say I did. I get the good things from him and the bad ones from you. But you're not to suppose," Mrs. Brookenham went on, "that I've discussed your horrible book with him."

"Come, I say!" Mr. Mitchett protested; "I've seen you with books from Vanderbank which, if you *have* discussed them with him—well," he laughed, "I should like to have been there!"

"You haven't seen me with anything like yours—no, no, never, never!" She was particularly positive. "He, on the contrary, gives tremendous warnings, makes apologies, in advance, for things that—well, after all, haven't killed one."

"That have even perhaps a little disappointed one?"

Mrs. Brookenham took no notice of this pleasantry; she simply adhered to her thesis. "One has taken one's dose, and one isn't such a fool as to be deaf to some fresh, true note, if it happens to turn up. But for abject, horrid, unredeemed vileness, from beginning to end—"

"So you read to the end?" Mr. Mitchett interposed.

"I read to see what you could possibly have sent such things to me for, and because so long as they were in my hands they were not in the hands of others. Please to remember in future that the children are all over the place and that Harold and Nanda have their nose in everything."

"I promise to remember," Mr. Mitchett returned, "as soon as you make old Van do the same."

"I do make old Van—I pull old Van up much oftener than I succeed in pulling you. I must say," Mrs. Brookenham went on, "you're all getting to require, among you, in general, an amount of what one may call editing—!" She gave one of her droll universal sighs. "I've got your books, at any rate, locked up, and I wish you'd send for them quickly again; one's too nervous about anything happening and their being perhaps found among one's relics. Charming literary remains!" she laughed.

The friendly Mitchy was also much amused. "By Jove, the most awful things *are* found! Have you heard about old Randage and what his executors have just come across? The most abominable—"

"I haven't heard," she broke in, "and I don't want to; but you give me a shudder, and I beg you'll have your offerings removed, for I can't think of confiding them, for the purpose, to any one in this house. I might burn them up in the dead of night, but even then I should be fearfully nervous."

"I'll send then my usual messenger," said Mitchy, "a person I keep for such jobs, thoroughly seasoned, as you may imagine, and of a discretion—what do you call it?—*à toute épreuve*. Only you must let me say that I like your terror about Harold! Do you suppose he spends his time over Dr. Watt's hymns?"

Mrs. Brookenham just hesitated, and nothing, in general, was so becoming to her as the act of hesitation. "Dear Mitchy, do you know I want awfully to talk to you about Harold?"

"About his reading, Mrs. Brook?" Mitchy responded with interest. "The worse things are, let me just mention to you about that, the better they seem positively to be for one's feeling up in the language. They're more difficult, the bad ones—and there's a lot in that. All the young men know it—those who are going up for exams."

She had her eyes for a little on Lord Petherton and her husband; then, as if she had not heard what her interlocutor had just said, she overcame her last scruple. "Dear Mitchy, has he had money from you?"

He stared with his good goggle eyes—he laughed out. "Why on earth—? But do you suppose I'd tell you if he had?"

"He hasn't really borrowed the most dreadful sums?"

Mitchy was highly diverted. "Why should he? For what, please?"

"That's just it—for what? What does he do with it all? What in the world becomes of it?"

"Well," Mitchy suggested, "he's saving up to start a business. Harold's irreproachable—hasn't a vice. Who knows, in these days, what may happen? He sees further than any young man I know. Do let him save."

She looked far away with her sweet world-weariness. "If you weren't an angel, it would be a horror to be talking to you. But I insist on knowing." She insisted now with her absurdly pathetic eyes on him. "What kind of sums?"

"You shall never, never find out," Mr. Mitchett replied with extravagant firmness. "Harold is one of my great amusements—I really have awfully few; and if you deprive me of him you'll be a fiend. There are only one or two things I want to live for, but one of them is to see how far Harold will go. Please give me some more tea."

"Do you positively swear—?" she asked with intensity as she helped him. Then without waiting for his answer: "You have the common charity to *us*, I suppose, to see the position you would put us in. Fancy Edward—!" she quite austerely threw off.

Mr. Mitchett, at this, had, on his side, a hesitation. "Does Edward imagine—?"

"My dear man, Edward never 'imagined' anything in life." She still had her eyes on her interlocutor. "Therefore if he *sees* a thing, don't you know? it must exist."

Mitchy, for a little, fixed the person mentioned as he sat with his other guest, but, whatever this person saw, he failed just then to see his wife's companion, whose eyes he never met. His face only offered itself, like a clean, domestic vessel, a receptacle with the peculiar property of constantly serving, yet never filling, to Lord Petherton's flow of talk. "Well, only don't let him take it up. Let it be only between you and me," Mr. Mitchett pleaded; "keep him quiet—don't let him speak to me." He appeared to convey, with his pleasant extravagance, that Edward looked dangerous, and he went on with a solemnity of levity: "It must be *our* little quarrel."

There were different ways of meeting such a tone, but Mrs. Brookenham's choice was remarkably prompt. "I don't think I quite understand what dreadful joke you may be making, but I dare say if you *had* let Harold borrow, you would have another manner, and I was at any rate determined to have the question out with you."

"Let us always have everything out—that's quite my own idea. It's you," said Mr. Mitchett, "who are by no means always so frank with me as I recognize—oh, I do *that!*—what it must have cost you to be over this little question of Harold. There's one thing, Mrs. Brook, you do dodge."

"What do I ever dodge, dear Mitchy?" Mrs. Brook quite tenderly asked.

"Why, when I ask you about your other child, you're off like a frightened fawn. When have you ever, on my doing so, said 'My darling Mitchy, I'll ring for her to be asked to come down, and you can see her for yourself'—when have you ever said anything like that?"

"I see," Mrs. Brookenham mused; "you think I sacrifice her. You're very interesting among you all, and I've certainly a delightful circle. The Duchess has just been letting me have it most remarkably hot, and as she's presently coming back you'll be able to join forces with her."

Mitchy looked a little at a loss. "On the subject of your sacrifice—?"

"Of my innocent and helpless, yet somehow at the same time, as a consequence of my cynicism, dreadfully damaged and depraved daughter." She took in, for an instant, the slight bewilderment against which, as a result of her speech, even so expert an intelligence as Mr. Mitchett's had not been proof; then, with a small jerk of her head at the other side of the room, she made the quickest of transitions. "What *is* there between her and him?"

Mitchy wondered at the other two. "Between Edward and the girl?"

"Don't talk nonsense. Between Petherton and Jane."

Mitchy could only stare, and the wide noonday light of his regard was at such moments really the redemption of his ugliness. "What 'is' there? Is there anything?"

"It's too beautiful," Mrs. Brookenham appreciatively sighed, "your relation with him! You won't compromise him."

"It would be nicer of me," Mitchy laughed, "not to want to compromise *her*."

"Oh, Jane!" Mrs. Brookenham dropped. "*Does* he like her?" she continued. "You must know."

"Ah, it's just my knowing that constitutes the beauty of my loyalty—of my delicacy." He had his quick jumps too. "Am I never, never to see the child?"

This inquiry appeared only to confirm his companion in the contemplation of what was touching in him. "You're the most delicate thing I know, and it crops up, in the oddest way, in the intervals of your depravity. Your talk's half the time impossible; you respect neither age nor sex nor condition; one doesn't know what you'll say or do next; and one has to return your books—*c'est tout dire*—under cover of darkness. Yet there's in the midst of all this, and in the depths of you, a little deep-down delicious niceness, a sweet sensibility, that one has actually, one's self, shocked as one perpetually is at you, quite to hold one's breath and stay one's hand for fear of ruffling or bruising. There's no one with whom, in talking," she balmily continued, "I find myself half so often suddenly moved to pull up short. You've more little toes to tread on—though you pretend you haven't: I mean morally speaking, don't you know?—than even I have myself, and I've so many that I could wish most of them cut off. You never spare me a shock—no, you don't do that: it isn't the form your delicacy takes. But you'll know what I mean, all the same, I think, when I tell you that there are lots I spare *you!*"

Mr. Mitchett fairly glowed with the candor of his attention. "Know what you mean, dearest lady? How can a man handicapped to death, a man of my origin, my appearance, my general weaknesses, drawbacks, immense indebtedness, all round, for the start, as it were, that I feel my friends have been so good as to allow me: how can such a man not be conscious, every moment, that every one about him goes on tiptoe and winks at every one else? What *can* you all mention in my presence, poor things, that isn't personal?"

Mrs. Brookenham's face covered him for an instant as no painted Madonna's had ever covered the little charge at the breast beneath it. "And the finest thing of all in you is your beautiful, beautiful pride! You're prouder than all of us put together." She checked a motion that he had apparently meant as a protest—she went on with her muffled wisdom. "There isn't a man but *you* whom Petherton wouldn't have made vulgar. He isn't vulgar himself—at least not exceptionally; but he's just one of those people, a class one knows well, who are so fearfully, in this country, the cause of it in others. For all I know he's the cause of it in me—the cause of it even in poor Edward. For *I'm* vulgar, Mitchy dear—very often; and the marvel of you is that you never are."

"Thank you for everything. Thank you above all for 'marvel'!" Mitchy grinned.

"Oh, I know what I say!"—she didn't in the least blush. "I'll tell you something," she pursued with the same gravity, "if you'll promise to tell no one on earth. If you're proud, I'm not. There! It's most extraordinary, and I try to conceal it, even to myself; but there's no doubt whatever about it—I'm not proud *pour deux sous*. And some day, on some awful occasion, I shall show it. So—I notify you. Shall you love me still?"

"To the bitter end," Mitchy loyally responded. "For how *can*, how need, a woman be 'proud' who's so preternaturally clever? Pride's only for use when wit breaks down—it's the train the cyclist takes when his tire's deflated. When that happens to *your* tire, Mrs. Brook, you'll let me know. And you do make me wonder just now," he confessed, "why you're taking such particular precautions and throwing out such a cloud of skirmishers. If you want to shoot me dead, a single bullet will do." He faltered but an instant before completing his sense. "Where you really want to come out is at the fact that Nanda loathes me, and that I might as well give up asking for her."

"Are you quite serious?" his companion, after a moment asked. "Do you really and truly like her, Mitchy?"

"I like her as much as I dare to—as much as a man can like a girl when, from the very first of his seeing her and judging her, he has also seen, and seen with all the reasons, that there's no chance for him whatever. Of course, with all that, he has done his best not to let himself go. But there are moments," Mr. Mitchett ruefully added, "when it would relieve him awfully to feel free for a good spin."

"I think you exaggerate," his hostess replied, "the difficulties in your way. What do you mean by 'all the reasons'?"

"Why, one of them I've already mentioned. I make her flesh creep."

"My own Mitchy!" Mrs. Brookenham protestingly moaned.

"The other is that—very naturally—she's in love."

"With whom, under the sun?"

Mrs. Brookenham had, with her startled stare, met his eyes long enough to have taken something from him before he next spoke. "You really have never suspected? With whom conceivably but old Van?"

"Nanda's in love with old Van?"—the degree to which she had never suspected was scarce to be expressed. "Why, he's twice her age—he has seen her in a pinafore, with a dirty face, and well slapped for it: he has never thought of her in the world."

"How can a person of your acuteness, my dear woman," Mitchy asked, "mention such trifles as having the least to do with the case? How can you possibly have such a fellow about, so beastly good-looking, so infernally well turned out in the way of 'culture,' and so bringing them down on every side, and expect, in the bosom of your family, the absence of history of the reigns of the good kings? If *you* were a girl, wouldn't *you* turn purple? If I were a girl shouldn't I—unless, as is more likely, I turned green?"

Mrs. Brookenham was deeply affected. "Nanda does turn purple—?"

"The loveliest shade you ever saw. It's too absurd that you haven't noticed."

It was characteristic of Mrs. Brookenham's amiability that, with her sudden sense of the importance of this new light, she should be quite ready to abase herself. "There are so many things in one's life; one follows false scents; one doesn't make out everything at once. If you're right, you must help me. We must see more of her."

"But what good will that do me?" Mitchy inquired.

"Don't you care enough for her to want to help

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2180.

Fort

THE FALL OF MANILA—OUR TROOPS MARCHING ALONG

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS, SPECIAL ARTIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" WITH GENERAL MERR

Fort Malate.

ALONG THE BEACH INTO THE CITY, AUGUST 13, 1898.

MERRITT'S FORCES.—[SEE ARTICLE "THE FALL OF MANILA" IN LAST WEEK'S NUMBER.]

her?" Then before he could speak, "Poor little darling dear!" his hostess tenderly ejaculated. "What does she think or dream? Truly she's laying up treasure!"

"Oh, he likes her," said Mitchy. "He likes her in fact extremely."

"Do you mean he has told you so?"

"Oh no—we never mention it! But he likes her," Mr. Mitchett stubbornly repeated. "And he's thoroughly straight."

Mrs. Brookenham, for a moment, turned these things over; after which she came out in a manner that visibly surprised him. "It isn't as if you wished to be nasty about him, is it?—because I know you like him yourself. You're so wonderful to your friends"—oh, she could let him see that she knew!—"and in such different and exquisite ways. There are those, like *him*"—she signified her other visitor—"who get everything out of you and whom you really appear to like, or at least to put up with, just *for* that. Then there are those who ask nothing—and whom you like in spite of it."

Mitchy leaned back, at this, fist within fist, watching her with a certain disguised emotion. He grinned almost too much for mere amusement. "That's the class to which *you* belong."

"It's the best one," she returned, "and I'm careful to remain in it. You try to get us, by bribery, into the inferior place, because, proud as you are, it bores you a little that you like us so much. But we won't go—at least *I* won't. You may make Van," she wonderfully continued. "There's nothing you wouldn't do for him or give him." Mitchy admired her from his position, slowly shaking his head with it. "He's the man—with no fortune, and just as he is, to the smallest particular—whom you would have liked to be, whom you intensely envy, and yet to whom you're magnanimous enough to be ready for almost any sacrifice."

Mitchy's appreciation had fairly deepened to a flush. "Magnificent—magnificent Mrs. Brook! What *are* you, in thunder, up to?"

"Therefore, as I say," she imperturbably went on, "it's not to do him an ill turn that you maintain what you've just told me."

Mr. Mitchett, for a minute, gave no sign but his high color and his queer glare. "How could it do him an ill turn?"

"Oh, it *would* be a way, don't you see? to put before me the need of getting rid of him. For he may 'like' Nanda as much as you please: he'll never, never," Mrs. Brookenham resolutely quavered—"he'll never come to the scratch. And to feel that as *I* do," she explained, "can only be, don't you also see? to want to save her."

It would have appeared at last that poor Mitchy did see. "By taking it in time? By forbidding him the house?"

She seemed to stand with little nipping scissors in a garden of alternatives. "Or by shipping *her* off. Will you help me to save her?" she broke out again after a moment. "It isn't true," she continued, "that she has *any* version to you."

"Have you charged her with it?" Mitchy demanded with a courage that amounted to high gallantry.

It inspired, on the spot, his interlocutress; and her own, of as fine a quality now as her diplomacy, which was saying much, fell but little below. "Yes, my dear friend—frankly."

"Good. Then I know what she said."

"She absolutely denied it."

"Oh yes—they always do, because they pity me," Mitchy smiled. "She said what they always say—that the effect I produce is though at first upsetting, one that, little by little, they find it possible to get used to. The world's full of people who are getting used to me," Mr. Mitchett concluded.

"It's what *I* shall never do, for you're quite too delicious!" Mrs. Brookenham declared. "If I haven't threshed you out really *more* with Nanda," she continued, "it has been from a scruple of a sort you people never do a woman the justice to impute. You're the object of views that have so much more to set them off."

Mr. Mitchett, on this, jumped up; he was clearly conscious of his nerves; he fidgeted away a few steps, then, with his hands in his pockets, fixed on his hostess a countenance more controlled. "What does the Duchess mean by your daughter's being—as I understood you to quote her just now—'damaged and depraved'?"

Mrs. Brookenham came up—she literally rose—smiling. "You fit the cap—you know how she would like you for little Aggie!"

"What does she mean, what does she mean?" Mitchy repeated.

The door, as he spoke, was thrown open; Mrs. Brookenham glanced round. "You've the chance to find out from herself!" The Duchess had come back and little Aggie was in her wake.

VIII.

Little Aggie, in this relation, was certainly a figure to warrant the highest hopes. As slight and white, as delicately lovely, as a gathered garden lily, her admirable training appeared to hold her out to them all as with precautionary finger-tips. She presumed, however, so little on any introduction that, shyly and submissively, waiting for the word of direction, she stopped short in the centre of the general friendliness till Mrs. Brookenham fairly became, to meet her, also a shy little girl—put out a timid hand with wonder-struck, innocent eyes that hesitated whether a kiss of greeting might be dared. "Why, you dear, good, strange 'ickle' thing, you haven't been here for ages, but it *is* a joy to see you, and I do hope you've brought your doll!"—such might have been the sense of our friend's fond murmur while, looking at her up and down with pure pleasure, she drew the rare creature to a sofa. Little Aggie presented, up and down, an arrangement of dress exactly in the key of her age, her complexion, her emphasized virginity. She might have been prepared for her visit by a cluster of doting nuns, cloistered daughters of ancient houses and educators of similar products, whose taste, hereditarily good, had grown, out of the world and most delightfully, so queer as to leave on everything they touched a particular shade of distinction. The Duchess had brought in with the child an air of added confidence for which, in a moment, an observer would have seen the grounds, the association of the pair being so markedly favorable to each. Its younger member carried out the style of her aunt's presence quite as one of the accessory figures effectively thrown into old portraits. The Duchess, on the other hand, seemed, with becoming blandness, to draw from her niece the dignity of a kind of office of state—hereditary governess of the children of the blood. Little Aggie had a smile as softly bright as a Southern dawn, and the friends of her relative looked at each other, according to a fashion frequent in Mrs. Brookenham's drawing-room, in free communication of their happy impression. Mr. Mitchett was, none the less, scantly diverted from his recognition of the occasion Mrs. Brookenham had just named to him.

"My dear Duchess," he promptly asked, "do you mind explaining to me an opinion that I have just heard of your—with marked originality—holding?"

The Duchess, with her head in the air, considered an instant her little ivory princess. "I'm always ready, Mr. Mitchett, to defend my opinions; but if it's a question of going much into things, perhaps we had better, if you don't mind, choose our time and our place."

"No 'time,' gracious lady, for my impatience," Mr. Mitchett replied, "could be better than the present—but if you've reasons for wanting a better place, why shouldn't we go, on the spot, into another room?"

Lord Petherton, at this inquiry, broke into instant mirth. "Well, of all the coolness, Mitchy!—he does go at it, doesn't he, Mrs. Brook? What do you want to do in another room?" he demanded of his friend. "Upon my word, Duchess, under the nose of those—!"

The Duchess, on the first blush, lent herself to the humor of the case. "Well, Petherton, of 'those'—I defy him to finish his sentence!" she smiled to the others.

"Of those," said his lordship, "who flatter themselves that when you do happen to find them somewhere your first idea is not quite to jump at a pretext for getting off somewhere else. Especially," he continued to jest, "with a man of Mitchy's vile reputation."

"Oh!" Edward Brookenham exclaimed at this, but only as if with quiet relief.

"Mitchy's offer is perfectly safe, I may let him know," his wife remarked, "for I happen to be sure that nothing would really induce Jane to leave Aggie five minutes among us here without remaining herself to see that we don't become improper."

"Well then, if we're already pretty far on the way to it," Lord Petherton resumed, "what on earth *might* we arrive at in the absence of your control? I warn you, Duchess," he joyously pursued, "that if you go out of the room with Mitchy, I shall rapidly become quite awful."

The Duchess, during this brief passage, never took her eyes from her niece, who rewarded her attention with the sweetness of consenting dependence. The child's foreign origin was so delicately but unmistakably written in all her exquisite lines that her look might have expressed the modest detachment of a person to whom the language of her companions was unknown. The Duchess then glanced round the circle. "You're very odd people, all of you, and I don't think you quite know how ridiculous you are. Aggie and I are simple stranger-folk; there's a great deal we don't understand; yet we're none the less not easily frightened. In what is it, Mr. Mitchett," she asked, "that I've wounded your susceptibilities?"

Mr. Mitchett hesitated; he had apparently found time to reflect on his precipitation. "I see what Petherton's up to, and I won't, by drawing you aside just now, expose your niece to anything that might immediately oblige Mrs. Brook to catch her up and flee with her. But the first time I find you more isolated—well," he laughed, though not with the clearest ring, "all I can say is, mind your eyes, dear Duchess!"

"It's about your thinking, Jane," Mrs. Brookenham placidly explained, "that Nanda suffers—in her morals, don't you know?—by my neglect. I wouldn't say anything about you that I can't bravely say *to* you: therefore, since he has plumped out with it, I do confess that I've appealed to him on what, as so good an old friend, *he* thinks of your contention."

"What in the world *is* Jane's contention?" Edward Brookenham put the question as if they were "stuck" at cards.

"You really, all of you," the Duchess replied with excellent coolness, "choose extraordinary conditions for the discussion of delicate matters. There are decidedly too many things on which we don't feel alike. You're all inconceivable just now. *Je ne peux pourtant pas la mettre à la porte, cette chérie*"—whom she covered again with the gay solicitude that seemed to have in it a vibration of private entreaty: "Don't understand, my own darling—don't understand!"

Little Aggie looked around with an impartial politeness that, as an expression of the general blind sense of her being, in every particular, in hands at full liberty either to spot or to spare her, was touching enough to bring tears to all eyes. It perhaps had to do with the sudden emotion with which—using now quite a different manner—Mrs. Brookenham again embraced her, and even with this lady's equally abrupt and altogether wonderful address to her: "Between you and me straight, my dear, and as from friend to friend, I know that you'll never doubt that everything must be all right!—what I spoke of to poor Mitchy," she went on to the Duchess, "is the dreadful view you take of my letting Nanda go to Tishy—and indeed of the general question of any acquaintance between young unmarried and young married females. Mr. Mitchett is sufficiently interested in us, Jane, to make it natural of me to take him into our confidence in one of our difficulties. On the other hand we feel your solicitude, and I needn't tell you, at this time of day, what weight, in every respect, we attach to your judgment. Therefore it *will* be a difficulty for us, *cara mia*, don't you see? if we decide suddenly, under the spell of your influence, that our daughter must break off a friendship—it *will* be a difficulty for us to put the thing to Nanda herself in such a way as that she shall have some sort of notion of what suddenly possesses us. Then there'll be the much stiffer job of putting it to poor Tishy. Yet if her house *is* an impossible place, what else is one to do? Carrie Donner's to be there, and Carrie Donner's a nature apart; but how can we ask even a little lamb like Tishy to give up her own sister?"

The question had been launched with an argumentative sharpness that made it for a moment keep possession of the air, and during this moment, before a single member of the circle could rally, Mrs. Brookenham's effect was superseded by that of the reappearance of the butler. "I say, my dear, don't shriek!"—Edward Brookenham had only time to sound this warning before a lady, presenting herself in the open doorway, followed close on the announcement of her name. "Mrs. Beach Donner!"—the impression was naturally marked. Every one betrayed it a little but Mrs. Brookenham, who, more than the others, appeared to have the help of seeing that, by a merciful stroke, her visitor has just failed to hear. This visitor, a young woman of striking, of startling appearance, who, in the manner of certain shiny house doors and railings, instantly created a presumption of the label somewhere "Fresh paint," found herself, with an embarrassment oddly opposed to the positive pitch of her complexion, in the presence of a group in which it was yet immediately evident that every one was a friend. Every one, to show no one had been caught, said something extremely easy; so that it was after a moment only poor Mrs. Donner who, seated close to her hostess, seemed to be in any degree in the wrong. This, moreover, was essentially her fault, so extreme was the anomaly of her having, without the means to back it up, committed herself to a "scheme of color" that was practically an advertisement of courage. Irregularly pretty and painfully shy, she was retouched, from brow to chin, like a suburban photograph—the moral of which was simply that she should either have left more to nature or taken more from art. The Duchess had quickly reached her kinsman with a smothered hiss, an "Edward dear, for God's sake take Aggie!" and at the end of a few minutes had formed for herself in one of Mrs. Brookenham's admirable "corners" a society consisting of Lord Petherton and Mr. Mitchett, the latter of whom regarded Mrs. Donner, across the room, with articulate wonder and compassion.

"It's all right, it's all right—she's frightened only at herself!"

The Duchess watched her as from a box at the play, comfortably shut in, as in the old operatic days at Naples, with a pair of entertainers. "You're the most interesting nation in the world. One never gets to the end of your hatred of the *nuance*. The sense of the suitable, the harmony of parts—what on earth were you doomed to do that, to be punished sufficiently in advance, you had to be deprived of it in your very cradles? Look at her little black dress—rather good, but not so good as it ought to be, and, mixed up with all the rest, see her type, her beauty, her timidity, her wickedness, her notoriety, and her *impudeur*. It's only in this country that a woman is both so shocking and so shaky." The Duchess's displeasure overflowed. "If she doesn't know how to be good—"

"Let her at least know how to be bad? Ah," Mitchy replied, "your irritation testifies more than anything else could do to our peculiar genius, or our peculiar want of it. Our vice is intolerably clumsy—if it can possibly be a question of vice in regard to that charming child, who looks like one of the new-fashioned bill-posters, only, in the way of 'morbid modernity,' as Mrs. Brook would say, more extravagant and funny than any that have yet been risked. I remember," he continued, "Mrs. Brook's having spoken of her to me lately as 'wild.' Wild?—why, she's simply tameness run to seed. Such an expression shows the state of training that Mrs. Brook has reduced the rest of us to."

"It doesn't prevent, at any rate, Mrs. Brook's training, some of the rest of you being horrible," the Duchess declared. "What did you mean just now, really, by asking me to explain before Aggie this so serious matter of Nanda's exposure?" Then instantly, taking herself up before Mr. Mitchett could answer: "What on earth do you suppose Edward's saying to my darling?"

Brookenham had placed himself, side by side with the child, on a distant little settee, but it was impossible to make out from the countenance of either whether a sound had passed between them. Aggie's little manner was too developed to show, and her host's not developed enough. "Oh, he's awfully careful," Lord Petherton reassuringly observed. "If you or I or Mitchy say anything bad, it's sure to be before we know it and without particularly meaning it. But old Edward means it—!"

"So much that, as a general thing, he doesn't dare to say it?" the Duchess asked. "That's a pretty picture of him, inasmuch as, for the most part, he never speaks. What, therefore, must he mean?"

"He's an abyss—he's magnificent!" Mr. Mitchett laughed; "I don't know a man of an understanding more profound, and he's equally incapable of uttering and of wincing. If, by the same token, I'm 'horrible,' as you call me," he pursued, "it's only because, in every way, I'm so beastly superficial. All the same, I do sometimes go into things, and I insist upon knowing," he again broke out, "what it exactly was you had in mind in saying to Mrs. Brook, about Nanda, what she repeated to me."

"You 'insist,' you silly man?"—the Duchess had veered a little to indulgence. "Pray, on what ground of right, in such a connection, do you do anything of the sort?"

Poor Mitchy showed but for a moment that he felt pulled up. "Do you mean that when a girl liked by a fellow likes him so little in return—?"

"I don't mean anything," said the Duchess, "that may provoke you to suppose me vulgar and odious enough to try to put you out of conceit of a most interesting and unfortunate creature; and I don't quite, as yet, see—though I dare say I shall soon make it out!—what our friend has in her head in tattling to you on these matters as soon as my back is turned. Petherton will tell you—I wonder he hasn't told you before—why Mrs. Grendon, though not perhaps herself quite the rose, is decidedly, in these days, too near it."

"Oh, Petherton never tells me anything!" Mitchy's answer was brisk and impatient, but evidently quite as sincere as if the person alluded to had not been there.

The person alluded to, meanwhile, fidgeting frankly in his chair, alternately stretching his legs and resting his elbows on his knees, had reckoned as small the profit he might derive from this colloquy. His bored state indeed—if he was bored—prompted in him the honest impulse to clear, as he would have perhaps considered it, the atmosphere. He indicated Mrs. Donner with a remarkable absence of precautions. "Why, what the Duchess alludes to is my poor sister Fanny's stupid grievance—surely you know about that." He made oddly vivid for a moment the nature of his relative's allegation, his somewhat cynical treatment of which became peculiarly derisive in the light of the attitude and expression, at that minute, of the figure incriminated. "My brother-in-law's too thick with her. But Cashmore's such a fine old ass. It's excessively

unpleasant," he added, "for affairs are just in that position in which, from one day to another, there may be something that people will get hold of. Fancy a man," he robustly reflected while the three took in more completely the subject of Mrs. Brookenham's attention—"fancy a man muddled up in such a quarter as that! The beauty of it is that the two women seem never to have broken off. Blest if they don't still keep seeing each other!"

The Duchess, as on everything else, passed succinctly on this. "Ah, how can hatreds comfortably flourish without the nourishment of such regular 'seeing' as what you call here bosom friendship alone supplies? What are parties given for in London but that enemies may meet? I grant you it's inconceivable that the husband of a superb creature like your sister should find his requirements better met by an object *comme cette petite*, who looks like a pen-wiper—an actress's idea of one—made up for a theatrical bazar. At the same time, if you'll allow me to say so, it scarcely strikes one that your sister's prudence is such as to have placed all the cards in her hands. She's the most beautiful woman in England, but her *esprit de conduite* isn't quite on a level. One can't have everything!" she philosophically sighed.

Lord Petherton met her comfortably enough on this assumption of his detachments. "If you mean by that her being the biggest fool alive, I'm quite ready to agree with you. It's exactly what makes me afraid. Yet how can I decently say in particular," he asked, "of what?"

The Duchess still perched on her critical height. "Of what but one of your amazing English periodical public washings of dirty linen? There's not the least necessity to 'say'!" she laughed. "If there's anything more remarkable than these purifications, it's the domestic comfort with which, when it has come and gone, you sport the articles purified."

"It comes back, in all that sphere," Mr. Mitchett instructively suggested, "to our national, our fatal want of style. We can never, dear Duchess, take too many lessons, and there's probably at the present time no more useful function performed among us than that dissemination of neater methods to which you are so good as to contribute."

He had had another idea, but before he reached it his companion had gayly broken in. "Awfully good one for you, Duchess—and I'm bound to say that, for a clever woman, you exposed yourself! I've at any rate a sense of comfort," Lord Petherton pursued, "in the good relations now more and more established between poor Fanny and Mrs. Brook. Mrs. Brook's awfully kind to her and awfully sharp, and Fanny will take things from her that she won't take from me. I keep saying to Mrs. Brook—don't you know?—'Do keep hold of her, and let her have it strong.' She hasn't, upon my honor, any one in the world but me."

"And we know the extent of *that* resource," the Duchess archly exclaimed.

"That's exactly what Fanny says—that *she* knows it." Petherton good-humoredly assented. "She says my beastly hypocrisy makes her sick. There are people," he pleasantly rambled on, "who are awfully free with their advice, but it's mostly fearful rot. Mrs. Brook's isn't, upon my word—I've tried some myself!"

"You talk as if it were something nasty and home-made—gooseberry wine!" the Duchess laughed; "but one can't know Fernanda, of course, without knowing that she has set up, for the convenience of her friends, a little office for consultations. She listens to the case, she strokes her chin and prescribes—"

"And the beauty of it is," cried Lord Petherton, "that she makes no charge whatever!"

"She doesn't take a guinea at the time, but you may still get your account," the Duchess returned. "Of course we know that the great business she does is in husbands and wives."

"This then seems the day of the wives!" Mr Mitchett interposed, as he became aware, the first, of the illustration that the Duchess's image was in the act of receiving. "Lady Fanny Cashmore!"—the butler was already in the field, and the company, with the exception of Mrs. Donner, who remained seated, was apparently conscious of a vibration that brought it afresh, but still more nimbly than on Aggie's advent, to its feet.

IX.

"Go to her straight—be nice to her: you must have plenty to say. You stay with me—we have our affair." The latter of these commands the Duchess addressed to Mr. Mitchett while their companion, in obedience to the former and affected, as it seemed, by an unrepressed familiar accent that stirred a fresh flicker of Mitchy's grin, met the new arrival in the middle of the room before Mrs. Brookenham had had time to reach her. The Duchess, quickly reseated, watched an instant the inexpressive concussion of the tall brother and sister; then while Mitchy again subsided in his place, "You're not, as a race, clever, you're not delicate, you're not sane, but you're capable of extraordinary good looks," she resumed. "*Vous avez parfois la grande beauté.*"

Mitchy was much amused. "Do you really think Petherton has?"

The Duchess withstood it. "They've got, both outside and in, the same great general things, only turned, in each, rather different ways, a way safer for him, as a man, and more triumphant for her as—whatever you choose to call her! What *can* a woman do," she richly mused, "with such beauty as that—"

"Except come desperately to advise with Mrs. Brook"—Mitchy undertook to complete her question—"as to the highest use to make of it? But see," he immediately added, "how perfectly competent to instruct her our friend now looks." Their hostess had advanced to Lady Fanny with an outstretched hand, but with an eagerness of greeting merged a little in the sweet predominance of wonder as well as in the habit, at such moments most perceptible, of the languid lily-bend. Nothing, in general, could have been less poorly conventional than the kind of reception given in Mrs. Brookenham's drawing-room to the particular element—the element of physical splendor void of those disparities that make the questions of others tiresome—comprised in Lady Fanny's presence. It was a place in which, at all times, before interesting objects, the unanimous occupants, almost more concerned for each other's impressions than for anything else, were apt rather more to exchange sharp and silent searchings than to fix their eyes on the object itself. In the case of Lady Fanny, however, the object itself—and quite by the same law that had worked, though less profoundly, on the entrance of little Aggie—superseded the usual rapt communion very much in the manner of some beautiful tame tigress who might really coerce attention. There was in Mrs. Brookenham's way of looking up at her a dim, despairing abandonment of the idea of any common personal ground. Lady Fanny, magnificent, simple, stupid, had almost the stature of her brother, a forehead unsurpassably low and an air of sombre concentration just sufficiently corrected by something in her movements that failed to give it a point. Her blue eyes were heavy in spite of being perhaps a couple of shades too clear, and the wealth of her black hair, the disposition of the massive coils of which was all her own, had possibly a satin sheen depreciated by the current fashion. But the great thing in her was that she was, with unconscious heroism, thoroughly herself; and what were Mrs. Brook and Mrs. Brook's intimates, after all, in their free surrender to the play of perception, but a happy association for keeping her so? The Duchess was moved to the liveliest admiration by the grand, simple sweetness of her encounter with Mrs. Donner, a combination indeed in which it was a question if she or Mrs. Brook appeared to the higher advantage. It was poor Mrs. Donner—not, like Mrs. Brook, subtle in sufficiency, nor, like Lady Fanny, almost too simple—who made the poorest show The Duchess immediately marked it to Mitchy as infinitely characteristic that their hostess, instead of letting one of her visitors go, kept them together by some sweet ingenuity and, while Lord Petherton, dropping his sister, joined Edward and Aggie in the other angle, sat there between them as if, in pursuance of some awfully clever line of her own, she were holding a hand of each. Mr. Mitchett, of course, did justice all round, or at least, as would have seemed from an inquiry he presently made, wished not to fail of it. "Is it your real impression then that Lady Fanny has serious grounds—?"

"For jealousy of that preposterous little person? My dear Mitchett," the Duchess resumed after a moment's reflection, "if you're so rash as to ask me in any of these connections for my 'real' impression, you deserve whatever you may get." The penalty Mitchy had incurred was apparently grave enough to make his companion just falter in the infliction of it, which gave him the opportunity of replying that the little person was perhaps not more preposterous than any one else, that there was something in her he rather liked, and that there were so many different ways in which a woman could be interesting. This further levity it was, therefore, that laid him fully open "Do you mean to say you've been living with Petherton for so long without becoming aware that he's shockingly worried?"

"My dear Duchess," Mitchy smiled, "Petherton carries his worries with a bravery! They're so many that I've long since ceased to count them, and, in general, I've been disposed to let those pass that I can't help him to meet. *You've* made, I judge," he went on, "a better use of opportunities perhaps not so good—such as, at any rate, enables you to see further than I into the meaning of the impatience he just now expressed."

The Duchess was admirable, in conversation, for neglecting everything not essential to her present plausibility. "A woman like Lady Fanny can have no 'grounds' for anything—for any indignation, I mean, or for any revenge worth twopence. In this particular case, at all events, they've been sacrificed with such extravagance that, as an injured wife, she hasn't had the gumption to keep back an inch or two to stand on. She can do absolutely nothing."

"Then you take the view—?" Mitchy, who had, after all, his delicacies, pulled up as at sight of a name.

"I take the view," said the Duchess, "and I know exactly why. *Elle se les passe*—her little fancies! She's a phenomenon, poor dear And all with—what shall I call it?—the absence of haunting remorse of a good house-mother who makes the family accounts balance. She looks—and it's what they love her for here when they say 'Watch her now!'—like an angry saint, but she's neither a saint, nor, to be perfectly fair to her, really angry at all. She has only just enough reflection to make out that it may some day be a little better for her that her husband shall, on his side too, have committed himself, and she's only, in secret, too pleased to be sure whom it has been with. All the same I must tell you," the Duchess still more crisply added, "that our little friend Nanda is of the opinion—which I gather her to be quite ready to defend—that Lady Fanny is wrong."

Poor Mitchy found himself staring. "But what has our little friend Nanda to do with it?"

"What indeed, bless her heart? If you *will* ask questions, however, you must take, as I say, your risks. There are days when, between you all, you stupefy me. One of them was when I happened, about a month ago, to make some allusion to the charming example of Mr. Cashmore's fine taste that we have there before us: what was my surprise at the tone taken by Mrs. Brook to deny, on this little lady's behalf, the soft impeachment? It was quite a mistake that anything had happened—Mrs. Donner had pulled through unscathed. She had been but a day or two, at the most, in danger, for her family and friends—the best influences—had rallied to her support: the flurry was all over. She was now perfectly safe. Do you think she looks so?" the Duchess asked.

This was not a point that Mitchy was conscious of freedom of mind to examine. "Do I understand you that Nanda was her mother's authority—?"

"For the exact shade of the intimacy of the two friends and the state of Mrs. Brook's information? Precisely—it was 'the latest before going to press.' 'Our own correspondent!' Her mother quoted her."

Mr. Mitchett visibly wondered. "But how should Nanda know?"

"Anything about the matter? How should she *not* know everything? You've not, I suppose, lost sight of the fact that this lady and Mrs. Grendon are sisters. Carrie's situation and Carrie's perils are naturally very present to the extremely unoccupied Tishy, who is unhappily married into the bargain, who has no children, and whose house, as you may imagine, has a good thick air of partisanship. So, as with Nanda, on *her* side, there is no more absorbing interest than her dear friend Tishy, with whom she's at present staying and under whose roof she perpetually meets this victim of unjust aspersions—"

"I see the whole thing from here, you imply?" Mr. Mitchett, under the influence of this rapid evocation, had already taken his line. "Well," he said bravely, "Nanda's not a fool."

A momentary silence on the part of the Duchess might have been her tribute to his courage. "No. I don't agree with her, as it happens, here; but that there are matters as to which she's not in general at all befogged is exactly the worst I ever said of her. And I hold that in putting it so—on the basis of my little anecdote—you clearly give out that you're answered."

Mitchy turned it over. "Answered?"

"In the quarrel that, a while back, you sought to pick with me. What I touched on, to her mother, was the peculiar range of aspects and interests she's compelled to cultivate by the special intimacies that Mrs. Brook permits her. There they are—and that's all I said. Judge them for yourself."

The Duchess had risen as she spoke, which was also what Mrs. Donner and Mrs. Brookenham had done; and Mr. Mitchett was on his feet as well, to act on this last admonition. Mrs. Donner was taking leave, and there occurred among the three ladies, in connection with the circumstance, a somewhat striking exchange of endearments. Mr. Mitchett, observing this, expressed himself suddenly as diverted. "By Jove, they're kissing—she's in Lady Fanny's arms!" But his hilarity was still to deepen. "And Lady Fanny, by Jove, is in Mrs. Brook's!"

"Oh, it's all beyond *me!*" the Duchess cried; and the little wail of her baffled imagination had almost the austerity of a complaint.

"Not a bit—they're all right. Mrs. Brook has acted!" Mitchy went on.

"Oh, it isn't that she doesn't 'act'!" his interlocutress ejaculated.

Mrs. Donner's face presented, as she now crossed the room, something that resembled the ravage of a death-struggle between its artificial and its natural elegance. "Well," Mitchy said with decision as he caught it—"I back Nanda." And while a whiff of derision reached him from the Duchess, "Nothing *has* happened!" he murmured.

As if to reward him for an indulgence that she must much more have divined than overheard, the visitor approached him with her bravery of awkwardness. "I go on Friday to my sister's, where I shall find Nanda Brookenham. Can I take her any message from you?"

Mr. Mitchett showed a tint that might positively have been reflected. "Why should you dream of her expecting one?"

"Oh," said the Duchess, with a gayety that but half carried off her asperity, "Mrs. Brook must have told Mrs. Donner to ask you!"

The latter lady, at this, rested strange eyes on the speaker, and they had perhaps something to do with a quick flare of Mitchy's wit. "Tell her, please—if, as I suppose you came here to ask the same of her mother—that I adore her still more for keeping in such happy relations with you as enable me thus to meet you."

Mrs. Donner, overwhelmed, took flight with a nervous laugh, leaving Mr. Mitchett and the Duchess still confronted. Nothing had passed between the two ladies, yet it was as if there were a trace of something in the eyes of the elder, which, during a moment's silence, moved from the retreating visitor, now formally taken over at the door by Edward Brookenham, to Lady Fanny and her hostess, who, in spite of the embraces just performed, had again subsided together while Mrs. Brook gazed up in exalted intelligence. "It's a funny house," said the Duchess at last. "She makes me such a scene over my not bringing Aggie, and still more over my very faint hint of my reasons for it, that I fly off, in compunction, to do what I can, on the spot, to repair my excess of prudence. I reappear, panting, with my niece—and it's to *this* company I introduce her!"

Her companion looked at the charming child, to whom Lord Petherton was talking with evident kindness and gayety—a conjunction that evidently excited Mitchy's interest. "May *we* then know her?" he asked with an effect of drollery. "May I—if *he* may?"

The Duchess's eyes, turned to him, had taken another light. He even gaped a little at their expression, which was, in a manner, carried out by her tone. "Go and talk to her, you perverse creature, and send him over to me." Lord Petherton, a minute later, had joined her; Brookenham had left the room with Mrs. Donner; his wife and Lady Fanny were still more closely engaged; and the young Agnesina, though visibly a little scared at Mitchy's queer countenance, had begun, after the fashion he had touched on to Mrs. Brook, politely to invoke the aid of the idea of habit. "Look here—you must help me," the Duchess said to Petherton. "You can, perfectly—and it's the first thing I've yet asked of you."

"Oh, oh, oh!" her interlocutor laughed.

"I must have Mitchy," she went on without noticing his particular shade of humor.

"Mitchy too?"—he appeared to wish to leave her in no doubt of it.

"How low you are!" she simply said. "There are times when I despair of you. He's in every way your superior, and I like him so that—well, he must like *her*. Make him feel that he does."

Lord Petherton turned it over as something put to him practically. "I could wish for him that he would. I see in her possibilities!" he continued to laugh.

"I dare say you do. *I* see them in Mitchett, and I trust you'll understand me when I say that I appeal to you."

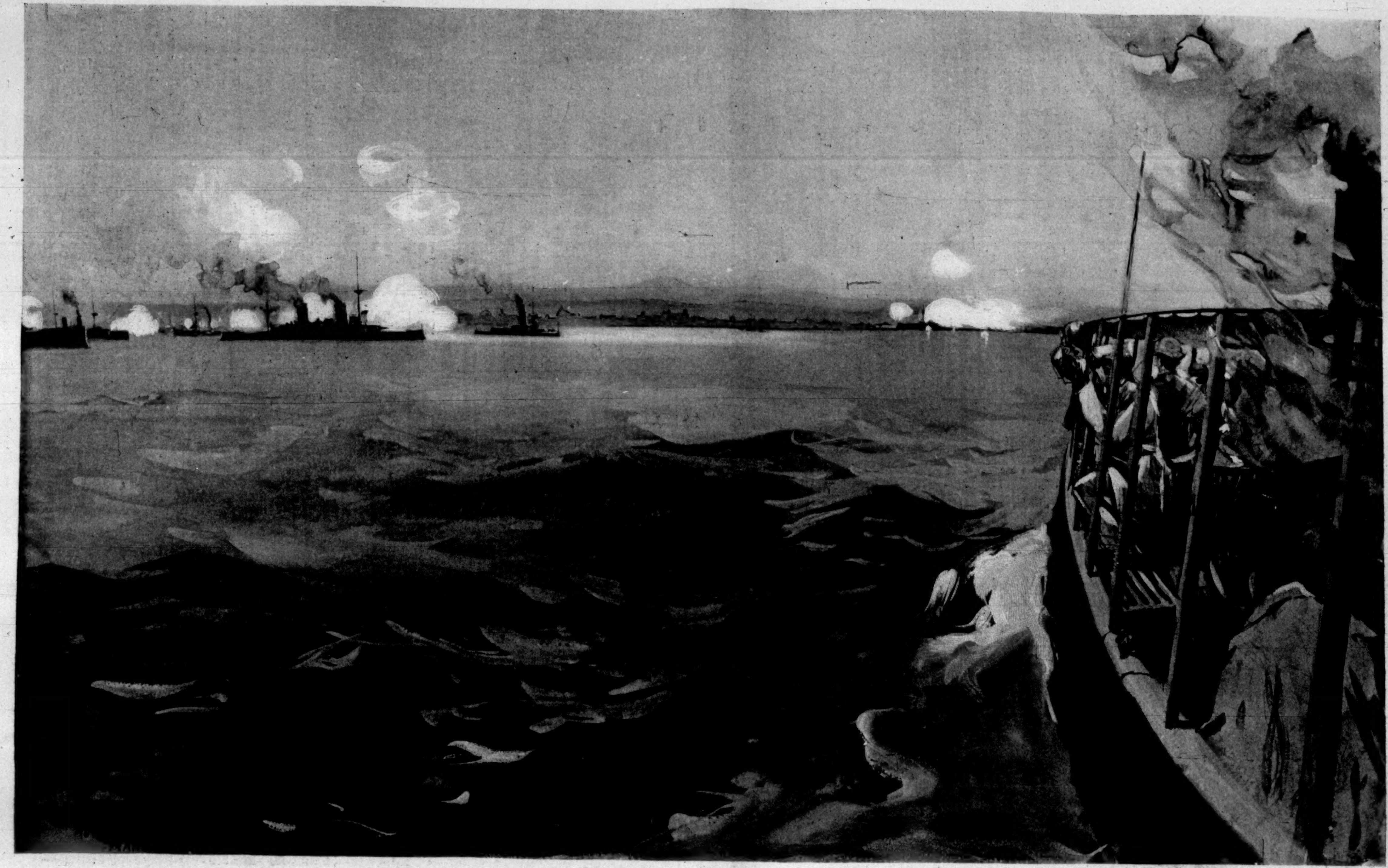
"Appeal to *him* straight. That's much better," Petherton lucidly observed.

The Duchess wore for a moment her proudest air, which made her, in the connection, exceptionally gentle. "He doesn't like me."

Her interlocutor looked at her with all his bright brutality. "Oh, my dear, I can speak for you—if *that's* what you want!"

The Duchess met his eyes, and so, for an instant, they sounded each other. "You're so abysmally coarse that I often wonder—" But, as the door reopened, she caught herself. It was the effect of a face apparently directed at her. "Be quiet. Here's Edward."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



THE FALL OF MANILA—BOMBARDMENT OF FORT SAN ANTONIO ABAD, AUGUST 13, 1898.

As seen from a Newspaper Despatch-Boat by G. W. Peters, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with General Merritt's Forces.—[See Article "The Fall of Manila" in last Week's Number.]

MUSIC

LINDA MONTANARI,
Prima Donna of the Royal Italian Grand Opera Company.

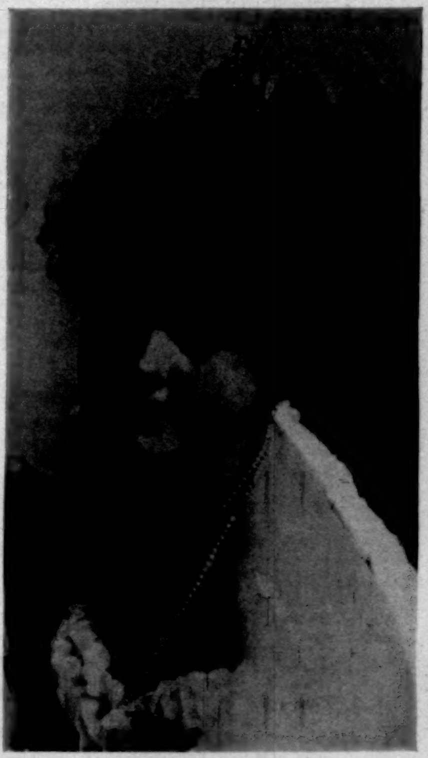
OCTOBER NOTES.

The First Autumn Musical Affairs.

THERE are as yet no musical first nights of any novel quality in this city—nor many even serious in a routine way. Few such will occur before the first week in November. Then the opening Philharmonic concerts, the re-established concerts of the Astoria's second series, at least, will take place. Mr. Carl Loewenstein, by-the-bye, after diligent searching for a better name than "permanent" for his newly organized band, has selected and announced another. His orchestra will be called "The New York Orchestra," and as such it is now incorporated. This title leaves something to be desired, but it is an improvement. Good local names for symphonic bands are hard to find, and I congratulate Mr. Loewenstein on his good sense and pains. Always misapplied, the name "permanent" is one that just now all music critics feel like repudiating. The return of Mr. Rosenthal and of Miss Adele aus der Ohe will furnish the nearest pianistic incidents of consequence. Mr. Emil Sauer is not to reach New York before January. At Chickering Hall another group of light afternoon musicals has been begun. A set of symphonic concerts detached from the Astoria group is to be undertaken under the Loewenstein auspices in Carnegie Hall, led by Mr. Paur, and to begin next Saturday night.

The Castle Square Company. The Royal Italian Company.

We are not, however, operaless. The Castle Square Company last week showed that its management have the courage of their convictions, by taking up nothing less than "Aïda." Miss Yvonne de Treville, Miss MacNichol, and Messrs. Sheehan and Stewart fill the larger rôles, alternating with Miss Stewart, Miss Grace Romaine, Mr. William Lavin, and Mr. Chase. The performance stands for, by far, the most successful venture into a serious opera, imperative in its demands on a company that the Castle Square people have made. It ranks as one of the best representations in English of a work, safely to be called classic, yet on record with us. There were shortcomings; but the serious spirit and the effectiveness of all the chief artists mentioned deserve most generous praise. At the Casino, the Royal Grand Italian Opera Company, reorganized and strengthened since their local début last May, have been repeating Puccini's latest score, in four acts, "La Bohème," and a familiar selection of Italian works. To the principals in this independent little troupe—whose efforts last spring were kindly given all the credit that such direful unevenness in its performances could expect—a better orchestra and chorus and wardrobe, likewise a new conductor, Moreale of Turin, and several capable repertory singers, have been added. Mesdames Linda Montanari, Rosalia Chalia, Rita Elandi, Cleopatra Vicini, E. Danti, and Messrs. Agostini, Collenz, Scolari, Cantori, and Fumagalli are firm dependencies. A curious tangle over the organization's right to produce the Puccini score named suddenly arose a fortnight ago, but was finally adjusted by some arrangement of an amicable sort. Why there should be any bona-fide question of the rights here in works apparently long ago arranged for, and performed for months, I fail to see.



YVONNE DE TREVILLE,
Soprano Castle Square Opera Company.

EFFIE STEWART,
Of the Castle Square Opera Company, as *Aïda*.

Puccini's "La Bohème."

"La Bohème" grows with each hearing, so far. Its present exposition is so improved that one can study the opera with some closeness. It has been received again with unfeigned interest. It is, perhaps, the extremest flowering of the new Italian operatic tree. Spontini, Bellini, Donizetti, and Rossini would have conspued it, in their angry inability to endure it, perhaps even to understand it. The cuts and the patterns of Italian opera as they made it are thrown to the winds. Certain climaxes give an approach to detached episodes like arias, duets, concerted pieces in general. But for the most part everything is subordinate compared with treating a play like a play, whether it happens to be for music or not—to setting quickly spoken dialogue into a rapid, melodious stream, almost equally fluent and distributed. Recitative hardly obtains at all—that is to say, on the lines on which the old school established it—save when burlesque is meant. Rhythms are broken into all sorts of facets. The aim is to be natural—in an absurd vehicle. Verdi's exquisite "Falstaff" typifies the manner. Around all flows a ceaseless stream of instrumentation of the most dexterous, modern, delicate, subtle,

THE FOUR DRUMMER-BOYS IN "THE LITTLE CORPORAL," AS PERFORMED BY FRANCIS WILSON'S COMPANY AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE, NEW YORK.

FRANZ SCHALK.

and masterly embroidery. A chorus is used only briefly, and as if for decoration. Puccini's work is not always eloquent: he has few robust themes to work up. But he makes much of them. The last act is the strongest, and it is deeply pathetic. The composer's gayety is never genuine. But, then, is there not fine art in this? Murger's famous novel is not truly gay. The libretto of "La Bohème," by-the-bye, is also of the newest Italian model; excessively literary—foolishly so; adapting Murger's text with indefatigable piety. As to the way in which the work is sung by this Royal —et cætera—troupe, kindly words again are due the singers. All are sincere, earnest, interesting in the Italian way; and they have good voices and good looks, even if they often sing badly. What their work lacks in refinement is compensated by vitality.

A Matter of Taste.

A long letter comes to me from a writer unknown, except so far as his signature stands, I fear, for a rather captious identity. He states that he has "been carefully seeing every comic opera, such and so called (*sic*), now to be heard on the stage in New York," and that he "cannot find a single thing in any one of them pleasant to hear or look at." Naturally, he rebukes me for having discovered not a little good music, mirth, and pleasing stage-pictures in one or another, as lately set forth in this journal. We must all lament the atrabilious temperament. Our enemies say that it is quite American. If "The Fortune-Teller," "The Charlatan," "The Little Corporal," or "Patience" has not cheered my correspondent, I fear that it is because he is a convinced dyspeptic, with the melancholy of Jaques himself. Or else he is one who, indeed, has been "seeing carefully," all too carefully, his comic operas. The trouble is not that the scores or libretti aforesaid are so much at fault. As for their stage-pictures, another page makes a passing reference to a small one that may be construed as a touch of argument.

Mr. Franz Schalk.

In the general kaleidoscope of conductors now to be viewed, special interest naturally hangs about the coming here of Mr. Franz Schalk to lead the German-sung performances at the Metropolitan during Mr. Grau's complex season. Mr. Schalk's responsibilities will be heaviest when our Wagner in German is to be dealt out to us. But he is as yet very much an unknown quantity even to the many Americans who go far and abroad, hearing opera and concert and picking up handy impressions of leaders. He was born in Vienna in 1863. After his musical pupilage, under several good teachers, he came to stand toward Anton Bruckner, the great Viennese symphonist, in much the same relation as did Seidl to Wagner—as secretary, confidant, and scholar withal. He gradually became a stationed conductor—first in that pleasant and very musical Austrian city Graz, and then at Prague and in Berlin, in posts of active concert and operatic care. His last German relationship was with Berlin. Mr. Schalk is, by-the-bye, a "Bungert leader"; so if Mr. Grau wishes to take up the vast spectacularity of the "Odysseus" operas, here is precisely his gentleman for it. Mr. Schalk is of good repute as a concert-director, and is claimed as a Wagnerian bâton of ability. The only occasion on which I have heard him chanced not to be one of enough significance to give him a decisive individuality in present remembrance. He has, as his picture indicates, an alert, decisive manner, and a typical Austrian face.

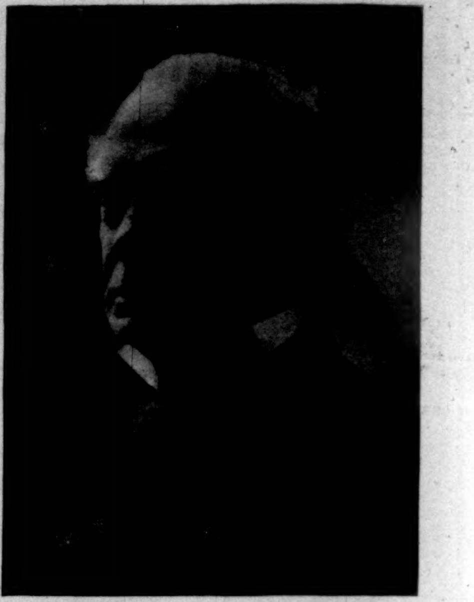
The Philharmonic Society.

The delay in the formal issue of the prospectuses of our most active concert organization was general, and has been a cause of many little uncertainties. The Philharmonic Society, however, has issued the scheme of its fifty-seventh season with promptness and considerable completeness. Last year's experiment of eight rehearsals and eight concerts, in place of the traditional six apiece, still holds, and probably is past the experimental stage. The dates are the successive Fridays and Saturdays, November 4–5, November 25–26, December 16–17, January 13–14, February 3–4, February 24–25, March 17–18, April 7–8. The soloists thus far arranged are Miss Adele aus der Ohe, Madame Gadski, Madame Schumann-Heink, Mr. Willy Burmeester, Mr. Emil Sauer, and Madame Carreño—three pianists, two vocalists, and one violinist, each of the first rank. The repertory does not as yet announce any more specific novelty than Richard Strauss's new fantasia, "Don Quixote," a three-part score, which, in view of its subject, is all the more singularly sub-titled, "Introduction; Theme with Variations; Finale."

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

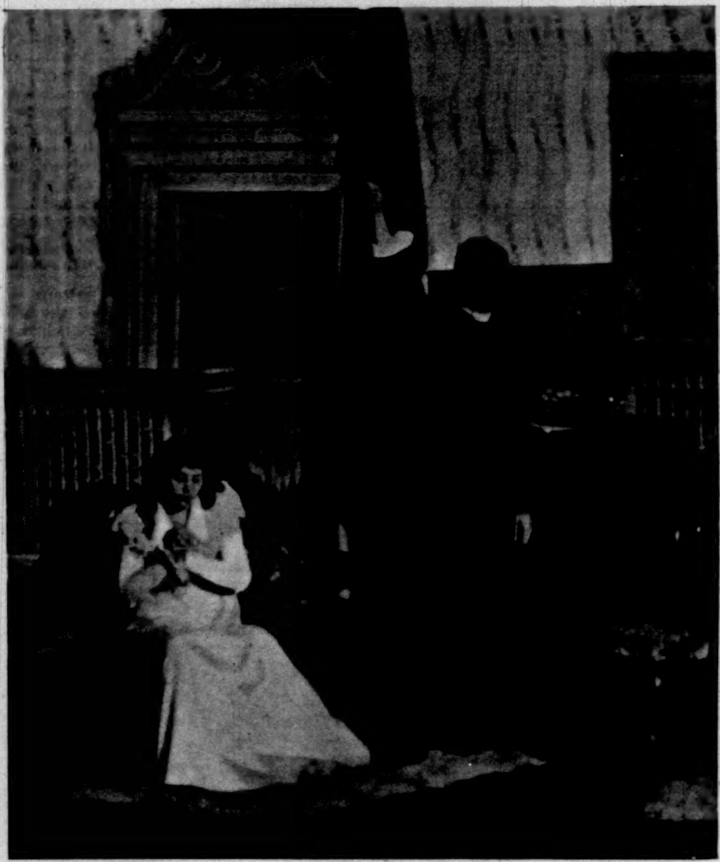
Two Youthful Actors.

If any cheerful grumbler at our modern stage wants to justify the lack of faith there is in him, he has only to go to see Mr. J. H. Stoddart at Keith's Union Square Theatre and Mr. Joseph Jefferson at the Fifth Avenue. Mr. Stoddart, it will be remembered, was well known, not so many years ago, as a member of the Union Square company, and in the quality of his acting belongs to an elder generation. For some years he has been living comfortably in retirement, but has fortunately been prevailed upon to give the famous telegraph scene from "The Long Strike" as the feature in Keith's continuous performance. He is to be seen at a quarter of three and at nine. The part he plays, *Moneypenny*, is an old lawyer, whose crusty manner covers a warm heart, and who goes to all lengths to help a young woman in distress, scolding and abusing her at every step. The conception is old-fashioned, if you will, but to those who knew our stage in its earlier days the sketch must bring memories of many a "precious friend hid in death's dateless night"; and some even of a younger generation may be seen blowing their noses.



J. H. STODDART.

Mr. Jefferson in "The Rivals" is supported by a company so excellent that to name them gives a guarantee of excellence. Mr. Verner Clarges plays *Sir Anthony Absolute*; Mr. Otis Skinner, *Captain Absolute*; Mr. Wilton Lackaye, *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*; Mr. Joseph Warren, *Faulkland*; Walter B. Woodall, *Fag*; Miss Ffolliott Paget, *Mrs. Malaprop*; and Blanche Bender, *Lucy*. Miss Elsie Leslie, so long famous as *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, makes her first appearance, after several years of retirement and study, as *Lydia Languish*. If she is a trifle cramped in her gestures, and if her varying moods lack thoroughly natural transitions, the defect is to be laid to inexperience. She gives promise of an unusually intelligent *mimique* and rare personal charm. The version of the play is Mr. Jefferson's well-known adaptation, which, by eliminating several episodes and the character of *Julia*, brings *Bob Acres* into greater prominence. The sacrifice would be none too great merely for the pleasure of seeing the remaining passages from Sheridan upon the boards. As for the *Bob Acres* Mr. Jefferson has divined in Sheridan's lines, no price would be too great for the privilege of feeling again the spell of his sweet and penetrating humor. Without knowing how, one learns to love *Acres*, and to mourn his disappointments even while one is laughing at them. That, too, is a triumph belonging to an elder generation! It was a generation richer in sympathy than ours, and younger in everything. Or may we hope, as time goes by, to divine the secret of eternal youth?



Viola Allen as *Glory Quayle*. Edward Morgan as *John Storm*.

"SAY YOUR PRAYERS, GLORY!"

Scene from Act III. of "The Christian" as performed at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

A Christian with only one Moral.

"The Christian," Mr. Hall Caine's dramatization of his novel, is a play with a moral. It has been remarked a thousand times that by having a moral a play is precluded from being a pure work of art. "Both at the first and now" the end of a work of art "was and is to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature." If a play holds ever so small and fragmentary a mirror up to nature, if it has any gleam of the myriad joys of life or of its myriad tragedies, it will adorn a thousand morals, though it will not point one of them. When the current of life runs true and strong, the last thing in men's minds is the doctrine of truth and strength. Yet in these palmy days of vaudeville and burlesque one had best be thankful perhaps for even a single moral, however unadorned. Mr. Hall Caine's one moral is that you must not be a music-hall singer, but a philanthropist's wife. If "The Christian" had been a work of art, the temptation in the life of *Glory Quayle* might have been made any one of a thousand beautiful and human things. It might have been the love of worldly sweetness and grace that won Praxiteles away from the sterner gods of Pheidias, or Titian from the austere faith of Giotto. Or, if this is too grand a theme, Mr. Hall Caine might have made us feel more of the love of independence and power that is alluring our young women from the ideals and the firesides of their mothers—and of their husbands! He might have shown the love of out-of-doors and of manly sports that is beguiling our young women from the parish church to the parish links. Any or all of such temptations Mr. Hall Caine might have made us feel if he had been working as an artist, and there would have been an appeal to the wayward love of the world in the heart of every one of us. In the end *Glory's* renunciation would thus have had the touch of true heroism, the vital appeal which it lacks in "The Christian" as it is playing at the Knickerbocker. Mr. Hall Caine has left his theme unglorified; he has made a melodrama that in the end simmers down to this: you must not be a music-hall singer, and you must be a philanthropist's wife.

The Knickerbocker Reform Church.

As a play with a purpose, however, "The Christian" is cleverly designed for popularity. It appeals to that very large class of people who are so uncertain of their perception of beauty and nobility that they would rather have one moral pointed at them than trust their own intelligence to apprehend two or three, or more, of a possible thousand. And then there are the people to be interested in the religious side of the play. How many these are is witnessed by the fact that, until a few years ago, the total yearly output of tracts and sermons and such books in England exceeded the total output of novels. And ever since the Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith chucked a Bible into that Venetian porcelain stove, people have become more and more accustomed to seeing the church upon the stage. At one point in "The Christian" the doxology is casually played in the R. U. E. As a melodramatic tract, "The Christian" is a work of unusual power. There is probably no church in town that can compete on even terms with the Knickerbocker in the line of moral screaming.

The Preachers.

For what the actors have to do in the play they are more than adequate. The part of *Glory Quayle* is excellently suited to the somewhat lachrymose quality of Miss Viola Allen's powers, and her début as a leading lady is more than a success. Her reading is always intelligent and firm. If she fell short of embodying the cheerful worldly-mindedness one in-

stinctively looks for in the part, the fault was probably more the author's than her own. There is not any really cheerful worldly-mindedness in the lines. As *The Hon. John Storm*, Mr. Edward J. Morgan was simple, dignified, and altogether sufficient. The *Horatio Drake* of Mr. John Mason had moments in which it seemed the best bit of legitimate acting in the play.

Mr. Mason was so good that one sighed to think of the dramatic possibilities that might have been developed in *Glory's* hesitation between *Drake's* worldly manliness and *John Storm's* commanding Puritanism. To develop that human situation to its fullest, however, would have been to take point from the moral, for if you give an audience full choice between latter-day asceticism and the abundant life of a normal man, there is little doubt as to how it will choose. It was announced that the ending of the book had been changed in dramatization so that the play ends happily. Of course *Glory* is happier married, and perhaps she is happier married to *John*. But when Mr. Mason was acting at his best there was a shadow of a doubt, and the shadow lingered long after the curtain fell. Can it be that Mr. Hall Caine has lacked the art to make even the austere and noble life of the spirit real and beautiful to us? Or is a play with only one moral necessarily so thin-blooded that the least touch of human nature submerges the moral in a flood of vital feeling?

One Touch of Nature.

One of the leading signs of the times is the success of young American actors in England. Ever since those early days when the American girl became famous abroad we have felt that her father and her brother had only to be known to be liked thoroughly, if not as well; but for the most part the men have spent their lives at home in the pursuits that furnish forth their wives' and daughters' establishments. If our actors are the first to be discovered abroad (I except our ministers at the Court of St. James!), it is because their business takes them there. The success of Mr. William Gillette's thorough-going Americanism has been duly heralded, and it is gratifying to know that his parts were discovered before he went abroad. With Mr. Robert Taber the case is somewhat different. In company with his wife, Mrs. Julia Marlowe Taber, he travelled throughout the leading American cities, but though always liked, he received scant recognition from the critics. In London he has been given a place in Sir Henry Irving's company, and his acting has received distinguished mention. His latest and greatest success is in the part of *Macduff*, which he plays to Forbes Robertson's *Macbeth*, being spared for the nonce from Sir Henry Irving's company. His performance is said to be as good as the part has ever known. That *Macduff* is a "fat" part is an open secret of the profession, and many an actor has done well in it who has not later been heard of; but judging from the scholarship and sincerity of Mr. Taber's attitude toward his art, I would guess his success to be legitimate. The latest American to come into prominence in London is Mr. Paul Arthur, long known here as a light comedian, who has the leading part in a new play by Mr. Anthony Hope. In "Hurly Burly," at Weber & Fields', there is a song the purport of which is that all good things in the world grow on Broadway, and one stanza plainly says that our theatres supply England with actors. Both statements are at least still open to discussion, but they are interesting as suggesting that our influence is widening no less rapidly in the arts than in statecraft. Every year Broadway grows more kaleidoscopic, more like a cosmopolitan thoroughfare. When we shall send forth as many and as good actors as our neighbors send to us, there will be no doubt that New York is a world city.

The Brother of the American Girl.

The latest London success is a version of Dumas's "Three Musketeers," by Mr. Henry Hamilton. As Mr. Hamilton first solved the problem of focussing the novel into a play, the book was so long that it is said to have been seriously proposed to give it in successive evenings, somewhat after the manner of "Wallenstein." In its present curtailed form, however, it seems to show no lack of coherence. In the first production at the Theatre Metropole, Camberwell, Mr. Lewis Waller played *d'Artagnan* with applause. It is announced that Mr. Tree will appear in Sydney Grundy's version at Her Majesty's later in the season. In America Mr. Sothern has already begun to rehearse Mr. Hamilton's version of the play, which he prefers, and will take it on the road, opening at Philadelphia. An almost inevitable result of dramatization in English is that the main love episode has been made over to suit the sympathies and sensibilities of an Anglo-Saxon audience. But that is nothing. Has not Mr. Hall Caine made over his own story to fit the requirements of the stage!

Three Musketeers in one Evening.

JOHN CORBIN.

THE SANTIAGO SEA-FIGHT.

THE navigators of the *Indiana*, *Texas*, *Iowa*, *Brooklyn*, *Oregon*, and *New York* were appointed a board, with Lieutenant-Commander Wainwright of the *Gloucester* as chairman, to determine the relative positions of the ships engaged in the fight with Cervera's fleet, to the end that the glory and other emoluments arising from that engagement might be justly distributed. They have prepared a report, and there is good reason to believe that "the substance of it," as freely set forth last week in the newspapers, is not to be found in it at all. As to the facts of the fight off Santiago, however, there is very little room for uncertainty left. The conclusions reached nearly three months ago by the WEEKLY, and confirmed by the letter published in WEEKLY of August 13, still hold. The plans were Admiral Sampson's; the execution was the work of the several captains, unaffected by orders other than those of Sampson.

A FIELD ETCHING.

UPON soft-footed steeds the cyclers pass,
Seeking new joys along these quiet ways
Where timid Autumn comes and fondly lays
A gold and purple robe on Summer's bier:
And drowsing by the tomb I dimly hear
A spirit voice of silence in the grass.

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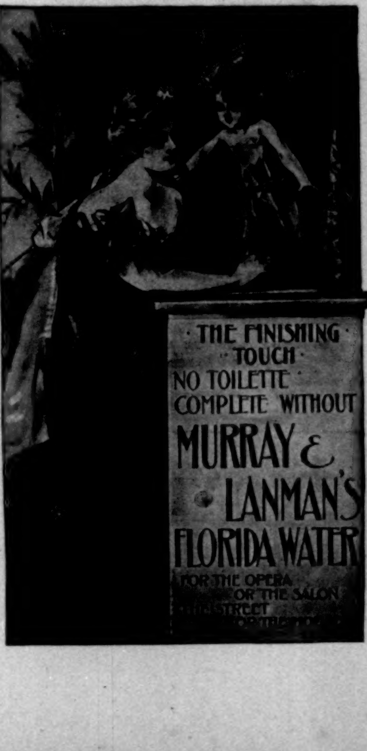

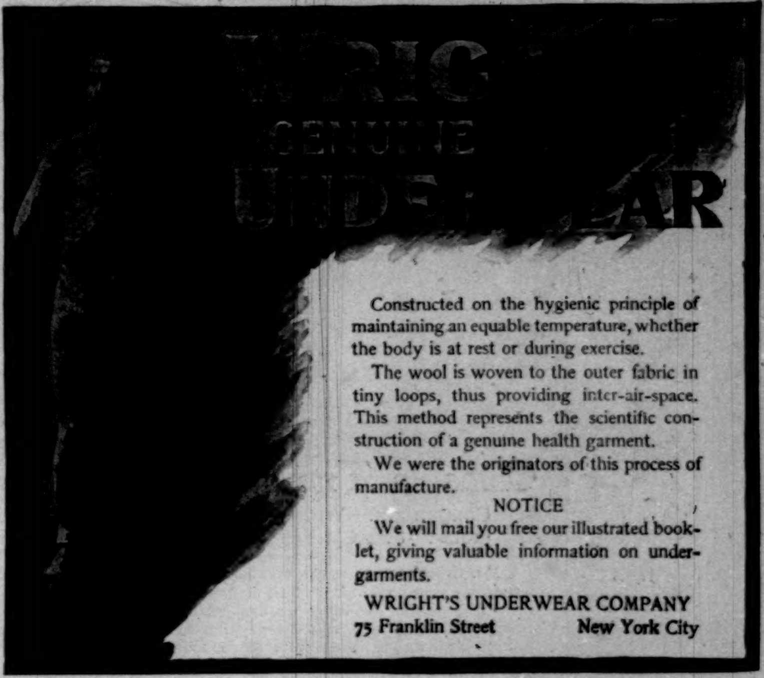

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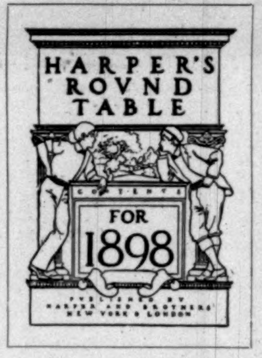

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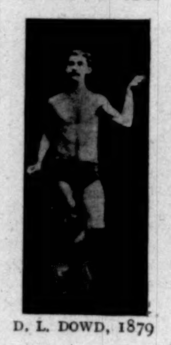

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"WIDE-OPEN" NEW YORK.

WHAT RENEWED CROKER GOVERNMENT MEANS, AND WHAT IS TO BE EXPECTED.

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

NEW YORK is wide open once more. Tammany Hall has at last secured its "terrible revenge." Richard Croker and his assistants have set in full operation a system of Tammany government under which vice flourishes openly for a price. The old days have come again, and Tammany leaders are fattening their pocket-books through the privilege of selling the right to violate law and through extortion and forced tribute. Devery, Richard Croker's friend, is Chief of Police. According to a message to the Legislature from Governor Black, he was selected for the place "to repeat the infamous practices which had tarnished his previous career." Devery knows the town is wide open. Croker cannot help knowing it, the Police Commissioners must know it, and if Mayor Van Wyck does not know it, a short investigation will prove it to him.

Despite the safeguarding provisions of the Raines liquor law, the saloons have been seized and made part of the Tammany machine; gambling in all its forms is going on, and the backers are paying for it; scores of pool-rooms are running in town, the most lucrative of all the sources of revenue for certain Tammany leaders; the profits from prize-fighting belong to other leaders, and through the Police Board a monopoly of this business goes to a Tammany man in Manhattan Borough, and to certain McLaughlin followers in Brooklyn Borough; the doors of dives swing open to throngs, especially on Saturday and Sunday nights, and for the delectation of their patrons a new "dance," a diabolism beside which the dance imported from the southern shores of the Mediterranean to this country five years ago is a model of virtue and propriety, has been set to music for nightly exhibition, making a performance so depraved that it would seem as if the lowest depths of infamy in that direction had been reached; theatrical performances are tolerated compared with which those which were condemned as indecent by the courts three years ago would be considered refined, and the theatre at which the worst of these is given, conducted by State-Senator Timothy D. Sullivan, displays a daily and nightly insult to the entire nation by the appropriation of the name of the hero of Manila as its own; the green-goods men are already in the suburbs, and are preparing to come into town again; especially significant is the fact that the woman who was used in the attempt made by the friends of Devery to break down the Parkhurst case against him, and who, because of its failure, had to flee to Chicago, has come back again, and almost within the shadow of the Tenderloin station-house the doors of her abiding-place are open once more, as are those of a dozen or more of others of her grade in life; slot-machines are running in protected places; most important of all is the fact that the police are demoralized.

Last winter, in an article on "Wide-open Chicago," which was printed in the WEEKLY, I tried to reveal not so much the wickedness of that city—that would be a task beyond the power of print—as the fact that it was the direct result of an alliance for political power and personal profit between the Democratic politicians of that city and those who conduct the dens of vice. At the time I made my investigation in Chicago, under the conduct of a police official and a police reporter, Mayor Carter Harrison said to me that Chicago was not so wide open as New York. That was not true at that time; it is true now. And, as in the case of Chicago, it would not be worth while for a respectable journal to reveal the infamous condition of affairs in New York—indeed, no publication in existence would dare print it—for the mere sake of exposing frightful evils, nor even to indicate their nature to some extent, were it not that Richard Croker's face is set toward Albany at this time, and that it seems desirable to call attention to what may be expected if Tammany Hall gets control of the government of the State of New York. It is proper to say that the investigation upon which this article is based was made in company with those alert and trustworthy men the Tenderloin and police reporters, and that what information I did not gather personally was given to me by men who have knowledge of these matters, and the confidence of many of the most reputable men in New York.

RATES CHARGED FOR LAW-BREAKING.

To make sure not only that the old system of extortion by Tammany is in full swing again, but to obtain a list of prices charged, I went under proper auspices to one who, because of his actual connection with the police force, knows whereof he speaks, and who, if I were at liberty to give his name, would be recognized as an authority by every one who reads the newspapers. This man, so far as I know, does not share in any police plunder—indeed, I was sent to him because of that belief—but he knows all about it. This is the rate of prices that he furnished: pool-rooms, $300 to open, and from $100 to $300 a month; gambling, from $50 to $300 or more a month, according to the size of the receipts; keeping open a dive, $10 to $50 a week; running disorderly resorts, $50 to $150 a month; selling liquor from 1 to 5 A.M., the moderate charge of only $5 a month.

But it is not necessary to take the word of a man, whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be made public, to make it certain that the old system of tribute is in force again. There is one absolutely unanswerable line of reasoning that proves it practically beyond shadow of doubt. It is this: Every man who has ever had any knowledge of the inner workings of politics in any large city in the United States knows that not for one hour would a wide-open condition be permitted unless the police, or the men behind the police, were paid for it. It has been the invariable rule in all American cities at all times. It is the rule to-day in Chicago, and it is the rule in New York and other places. The privilege of breaking the law must be paid for; the power to be able to laugh to scorn the effort of honest policemen—and there are many of them—must be paid for; the opportunity to grow rich on the exploitation of vice must be paid for. There are two ways of paying, as has been said. One is by cash, and the other is by votes. Generally both cash and votes are paid. The low rates which are charged to saloon-keepers for violating the Raines law by selling all night, instead of paying a nightly revenue of $10 to the authorities, as required by the law, would indicate that Tammany just now is as anxious to get payment with votes as with cash. This view is more than strengthened by the fact that the pool-rooms have been allowed to be opened again in the city, when it was only a few years ago, as is well known, that Mr. Croker and Tammany Hall closed them, "for good and moral reasons," and sent the patrons to the race-tracks to bet.

THE TENDERLOIN'S PROFESSIONAL BONDSMAN.

To see what wide-open New York means, and to obtain an illustration of what Tammany's "terrible revenge" really is, one should go to the Tenderloin station-house in West Thirtieth Street about eleven o'clock some evening. From ten to twenty creatures of the streets are brought in, and, within an hour or two, are released under bail furnished by a professional bondsman, a Tammany Hall leader, William R. Nelson, proprietor of the famous "black and tan" saloon on Seventh Avenue. The next day these creatures are fined in the police court. According to newspaper accounts, Nelson gets at least $5 for every bond that he signs. No other man is permitted to have the actual privileges he enjoys. The street sinner probably pays another $5 for her fine, and to make up for what has been taken from her under due process of law, and with the co-operation of the police for Nelson's profit, she must prowl the streets again, only to fall into the clutches of Nelson's pull again. Nelson's most intimate friend is the famous "ward-man" Schill, now back at his old station for "police duty," and with all indictments against him dismissed. In other words, a distinct part of the earnings of the creatures of the Tenderloin are diverted every night—a sum amounting from $50 to $100—to the coffers of "Bob" Nelson, Tammany leader.

But one should go deeper when considering the case of Nelson. The records show that when Devery was indicted, as the result of the Lexow investigation disclosures, Nelson was one of his bondsmen. Devery has come back into power, has taken the highest seat in police business in the country, and Nelson, his friend and bondsman, is sharing in the terrible revenge against Parkhurst in a way that is swelling Nelson's bank account. I had the honor of an introduction to Nelson and his friend ward-man Schill, in Nelson's saloon not long ago. His place reeks. Degraded blacks and whites may be found there. His hardened face shows signs of shrewdness and intelligence, and one can understand, after a study of him, why he has been able to accumulate a fortune.

I do not know what arrangement Mr. Nelson may have—if indeed he has any—with the Tenderloin police, but I know reporters who assert that the police have been sent to Nelson's place to get him to come to the station-house and sign bail-bonds. It may be that he has the run of the station-house business simply because he is close by, and, being a humane person, dislikes to see persons kept in confinement when he can secure their release. Certainly I cannot charge that the police get a share of Mr. Nelson's earnings. If such should be the case, no one could prove it (even the Lexow Committee could not prove many things), and so I do not assert it, and disclaim all intimation on my part to that effect. But I call attention to the close association between Nelson and the police.

THE EXCISE-LAW VIOLATION.

But it is in the general aspect of the Tenderloin that one sees a change since Devery came into full power. Reporters of twenty years' experience there say it is "worse than ever before." This famous centre is widest open, however, in regard to the enforcement of the excise law. With a reporter I went into Silver-Dollar Smith's club over his saloon on Sixth Avenue at 1.15 A.M. in the early part of this month. Admission was free to all. There was no book to be signed at the door. A lookout "sized" us up when we went in. The place upstairs was filled. A negro quartette furnished music. Beer was five cents a glass, and other liquors were sold at the usual rates. There was no pretence at serving a sandwich, probably because it was a "club." Of course Silver Dollar is a shining Tammany light. His place is typical of other saloons. It is a fact that cannot be disputed that any saloon in the centre of town may be kept open all night, in violation of law. Thousands of them are so kept open. One of the city magistrates was quoted recently as saying that the Liquor-Dealers' Association—the association to which saloon-keepers may belong for $5 a month—was hounding men who would not come into it, and was using the police to hector and annoy them. The magistrate afterward modified the reported speech, but if he had gone about the Tenderloin and other parts of the city he could have seen that some power was at work which gives saloon-keepers the fullest right to violate the law, and being a man of much experience in affairs of the world, he could understand that some one was paying for such privileges, and paying to those who could grant them. It is as true in politics as it is in business that you cannot get something for nothing, and especially true is that fact when that "something" is the violation of law.

Not every saloon-keeper violates the law, but it is said that most of them pay $5 a month so as to be let alone, and they let it go at that. Where the tribute from saloons, estimated at from $50,000 to $60,000 a month, goes finally I am unable to say, but certain it is that none of it gets lost. The police get little or none of it. They obey orders to shut their eyes, and if saloon-keepers hand out a dollar or two occasionally, or send out a drink to those policemen who will take it, such must be their reward.

DIVES MORE DEPRAVED THAN BEFORE.

The dives are not yet in full blast in the Tenderloin. They are in full swing further down town. A magistrate of the city met me a month ago, and said, in surprise,

"Did you know that the dives have invaded Fourth Avenue?"

I did not know it, but it is true. Within the shadow of Cooper Union, and flaunting its scenes of shame almost in the face of the statue of the great philanthropist who founded that institution, is an open dive, under the guise of a club, than which no more depraved place ever existed in New York. I have a ticket of membership in that club—cost twenty-five cents, good for one year. The dance-hall of the club is like all those of the dives, and it is unnecessary to go into particulars.

A new dive on the Bowery, however, should be mentioned. It has a naval name. About its walls are naval pictures exclusively. Portraits of Dewey, Sampson, Schley, Hobson, Sigsbee, Evans, and a lot more look down from the walls. At the far end of the room are two mural paintings done in Bowery style. One represents the sinking of the *Merrimac* at the entrance of Santiago Harbor, and the other represents Hobson and his companions, resplendent in full uniforms, on a raft, waving defiantly the American flag amid shot and shell in the broad daylight. Flags decorate the places where there are no naval pictures. The first impression, as one enters this place and sees what is going on, is not one of astonishment so much as shock. The names and pictures of naval heroes are being used as decoys for vice. Tammany Hall permits such a desecration, and for revenue.

The place has the open approval of the police. While I was going in the doorway at three o'clock one morning recently, under the escort of a famous Bowery character, two policemen stood at the doorway, and each was receiving a drink of whiskey from the manager of the place. I could give the numbers of the policemen if necessary. They could see inside the dance-room, through the narrow hallway, and of course knew all that was going on.

The matter of the existence of dives should not be dismissed without reference to the East Side. That region just now is sprinkled with them, under the guise of cafés. They are there actually by the hundreds. Infamous and open as is their traffic, the greatest shame of it all is that they are permitted to exist where the children swarm and cannot escape them. There can be no greater crime against a rising generation than to permit such a condition of affairs. Any one can see it on a stroll through the leading streets. The minds of boys and girls must be debauched by this constant contact with vice. Tammany Hall permits it, and the man who could examine into the matter and say that Tammany does not profit by this slaughter of the innocents must lack reasoning powers. I saw more than a dozen of these hell-holes on a block.

FORTUNE IN THE POOL-ROOMS.

Turn now to another source of political revenue for Tammany—the existence of pool-rooms. There are probably one hundred and fifty of them in the present city limits. A leader close to Mr. Croker is said to be the man who must be "seen" before a pool-room is opened. I do not use his name, because I cannot prove any assertion against him. Any one who wishes to know it can find out from the patrons of the places for the asking. It is necessary to go back a little to understand the significance of the opening of the pool-rooms. It is only a few years ago, when Tammany controlled legislation at Albany and abolished the lobby, that Mr. Croker closed the pool-rooms, with the exception of one or two small affairs. It was proclaimed a move in the interests of virtue. It was said to have been due really to a difference between certain Tammany men and a certain pool-seller. Whatever the motive, whatever the cause, the pool-rooms were closed, and those who wished to bet had to go to the race-tracks to do it.

Curiously enough, just about that time Richard Croker, who had been a poor man, began to take an interest in horse-racing. There are those who say that the closing of the pool-rooms and the advent of Mr. Croker in racing were mere coincidents, and that is all. That may be so. After a time Mr. Croker transferred his racing interests to England, and the report is common that he has no interest—that is, personal interest—in American tracks. After he came back from Europe this year the pool-rooms were in full operation, in violation of law. Strangely enough, the day after Dr. Parkhurst came home from Europe the tip went from one end of town on the West Side to close, and for part of that afternoon these places were shut.

I went into one of these pool-rooms and spent an afternoon recently. It was within three minutes' walk of the Aquarium at the Battery. From two to three hundred men thronged the place. A little partition at one end of the room hid the telegraph-operator and the cashier and manager. Liquor was sold in the place. The odds were posted on a printed card. There were all sorts and conditions of men there. It was pitiful to see the wrecks—victims of betting—thumbing the pages of their books and systems, eager to borrow a dollar, and confident that some day they would get rich. There were scores of young fellows there, clerks from neighboring offices, and business was brisk all the time. Betting on races at four tracks was going on. The frequent posting and changing of odds, the voice of the manager calling off the description of the races as they were being run, and then urging those present to bet on other events, the confusion in investing or in collecting money, the frequent calls for the waiter to supply drinks—all indicated the wisdom in prohibiting such places, and also displayed the reason why they are now permitted to exist by Tammany Hall, in violation of law, and for the profit of a man high in the councils of that organization. Of course the police know that these places are open. Chief Devery knows it; the Police Commissioners must know it; if Mr. Croker does not know it, he is too busy with other matters; and if Mayor Van Wyck does not know it, it is because he is absorbed in the contemplation of the corruption and utter rottenness of his political opponents. Mayor Van Wyck is ready at all times to denounce and arraign Republican wickedness, and if in collecting his data for that purpose he is too busy to know that under his administration the most monstrous violations of law are sold by politicians in Tammany Hall, he must not be judged too harshly for not knowing what is going on about him. Public rascality must be put down, and if Mayor Van Wyck can only put it down among the Republicans, he should have full credit for that work. The man who took me into the pool-room I visited said there were twenty others where he had admittance. He also said that there were probably one hundred in Manhattan Borough alone. I have no personal knowledge about them except what I have written here.

PRIZE-FIGHTING MONOPOLY.

Then there is the prize-fighting revenue for Tammany followers! They have a monopoly of it in Manhattan,

and the McLaughlin men have the monopoly in Brooklyn. State-Senator Timothy D. Sullivan is the favored Tammany man. Of course he has had an acquaintance with Mr. Croker for some time. It was during Mayor Strong's administration that the Horton boxing law was passed. At once numerous clubs sprang up, and for a time the law was observed strictly. After a while there was great rivalry between the clubs, and there arose a war to the death. Certain men wanted to control the boxing of the town; it was fast approaching prize-fighting. Finally it did become prize-fighting and the police shut down on it.

When Tammany came into power seventeen clubs applied to the Police Commissioners for permission to conduct boxing exhibitions. The night after Mayor Van Wyck took the oath a fight was stopped because it was not settled then who was to control prize-fighting. A dead-lock ensued for several months. It is common talk that Tim Sullivan wanted the rights for all of New York. State-Senator McCarren, chairman of the Democratic State Executive Committee, appeared before the Police Board in behalf of certain clients who wanted permission to run affairs in Brooklyn. The matter was compromised, Sullivan taking the rights in Manhattan, and the McLaughlin men those in Brooklyn. As a result, just four clubs are running. No others can get permission from the Police Board. The law requires the Commissioners to issue these permits under certain conditions. Each of the clubs which has fulfilled those conditions could mandamus the commissioners and probably compel them to issue the amusement permits, but what would be the use of that? The place would probably be raided on the ground of "brutality," and the business would be broken up. Even the New York Athletic Club, a club that is respected, and has respected the laws, could not get permission from the Police Commissioners to conduct boxing. There are plenty of technicalities whereby the Police Commissioners may delay issuing these permits, and one must be sure of his facts before he accuses them of dereliction of duty. But it is a most singular thing that only those clubs which Mr. Sullivan conducts, or those in which Mr. McCarren has an interest—at least so far as being counsel for the ostensible proprietors goes—are permitted to run. Some light may be thrown on this matter when it is known that in the last year that boxing was allowed there was a profit of $50,000 at the club that was patronized most. The reason why I say that Senator Sullivan owns the prize-fighting rights in Manhattan is because such ownership is common talk, and because I know men who have seen him counting the receipts, and who have it from Tom O'Rourke, the ostensible manager of the Manhattan outfit, that Sullivan is the real owner. Hundreds of men in Brooklyn and elsewhere will tell you that Mr. McCarren owns the Brooklyn rights, but inasmuch as he has appeared openly only as counsel for the Coney Island Club, those alone who know the full facts in the matter can make such an assertion about him. How much money there is in the club's treasury after his counsel fees are paid, of course, is not a public matter.

There has not been a profit thus far in prize-fighting this year, even with a monopoly. O'Rourke and his associates, however, expect to make one. They expect to get control of a Broadway club building for which another club is paying, according to report, $1200 a month rent, and paying it without being able to secure a license for fighting. To show how thoroughly O'Rourke controls affairs in this line, through the influence of Sullivan, I may repeat what he said to a well-known pugilist, one of the famous sluggers, in the presence of the man who has given me information for part of this article, and who, as a newspaper reporter of sporting events, is thrown constantly with such men. O'Rourke said,

"If you don't fight in my club, you don't fight anywhere else in THE STATE!"

There is a hint of what Tammany will do should it ever get control in Albany. There are other Tammany men whose names are associated with the prize-fighting revenue system, through the aid of the Tammany Police Board, but as it is mere talk, although probably correct in every respect, there is no warrant for mentioning them.

GAMBLING STILL RESTRAINED IN PART.

There remains the gambling privilege. The Tenderloin reporters say that all sorts of games are being played. The device of forming clubs is used as a shield. Half a dozen establishments are in full operation. No one who wants to gamble need go without satisfying that want in New York. I have not been in any of these places, because they are not open as yet to the general public, and therefore I must take hearsay as to them. The word of police officials and expert reporters, however, should be sufficient for most persons.

Of course policy-playing is carried on. It was carried on during the anti-Tammany régime, because it is next to impossible to stop it. It is the invariable rule of the "policy kings," however, to make terms of peace with municipal authorities whenever possible. There is no check on this form of gambling now. I went into one of the places with a policy fiend, the other day, to see how such places were conducted. We went up a long and narrow stairs, entered a room apparently devoted to the business of plumbing, crossed a narrow hallway, and entered what looked to be an upstairs bar-room. Behind a counter that filled one end of the room sat the policy-writer. There were dream-books, and scrap-books of former drawings, and the list of lucky numbers, and there was a throng passing in and out. Policy, like the other forms of gambling, is not yet wide open, but it is fast approaching that condition. The present state of affairs could not exist without police toleration, and the fact that a Tammany leader of more than ordinary importance is associated with this business, as a sort of special partner for the time being, may account for this toleration.

Such is government under the renewed rule of Mr. Croker, the man who is eulogized as a "great leader" and as a great and upright and pure statesman. He may be all that and many of us not know it, but the first noticeable effect on officials of the renewed rule is the complete demoralization of the police. Even if they would do their full duty they dare not, because the "pull" is abroad again. They are timid and shiftless, and one effect of this is an increase of crime in other directions than in the toleration of certain kinds of vice. Only a few days ago Magistrate Cornell said from the bench:

"In all my experience as a city magistrate I never knew highway robbery so prevalent as at present. It is a disgrace to the city that a respectable man cannot walk its streets without the danger of being held up and robbed."

In the early part of 1898 New York's police force was almost in a model condition. Here and there a scamp was found at work in it. It was run almost like a business concern, and it attended to its work. In the latter part of 1898 it is in a demoralized condition, as any man with eyes to see can observe, and duty is a matter subservient to the opportunity for political plunder. In a short time it probably will be thoroughly rotten again, thus adding to Tammany's income and happiness. Even now the tip has gone around that everything must be done to elect Van Wyck Governor, because if Roosevelt is elected the power to levy tribute may be cut short. Every office-holder has not only contributed money, but he is expected to work almost to the limit of exhaustion to secure votes.

This is what Tammany has done in ten months. Around and through and over and under its administration runs a branching trail of vice, corruption, filth, and extortion. The trail leads straight up to Tammany Hall, as straight and as unerringly as the magnetic needle points towards the pole. There is no other place for it to go. Along its course the money-chariot, bearing tribute, rolls. It leaves in its wake a debauched police force, and hundreds, yes, thousands of young lives—men and women—the "come-ons" in vice, the fresh supply without which the system of plunder could not exist. What cares Tammany for police discipline, what cares Tammany for the lives that are being ruined and the thousands that are yet to be ruined, so long as blood-money and tribute roll in for distribution in political work or for personal enrichment? Tammany has set its eyes on the plunder of the State capital. There are saloons all over the State. State gambling privileges should be worth something. Votes are to be controlled by contracts, and money is to be gathered in by scores of ways. Mr. Croker is *de facto* Mayor of New York city; Robert A. Van Wyck is *de jure* Mayor. Who can doubt that it is Mr. Croker's intention to become *de facto* Governor of New York when he succeeds in making Augustus Van Wyck *de jure* Governor? And who can then doubt that Croker government in New York city will be repeated in New York State affairs?

THE POLICY OF EXPANSION—CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

(Continued from page 1027.)

Our foe is conquered. The strength displayed by us amazes ourselves and the world. Our victory is so complete as to compel compliance with any demands we may make in regard to Puerto Rico and the Philippines. A commission has been appointed to negotiate the terms of peace with our adversary. It seems that the President has decided to hold Puerto Rico, and the only open question now of paramount importance is the holding of the Philippines, wholly or partially. If we deflect from the path pointed out by the noble motive of humanity, and follow the road of greed and aggrandizement, what justification is there for our course?

The Jingo casuists say that, as we did not bind ourselves as to any other of Spain's possessions but Cuba, our hands are free as to them. Farther, that we must emerge from our hermit position among the nations; that we tower head and shoulders above our fellows, and should show our prowess at the moment of our triumphal entrance upon the grand stage of the world's theatre, by taking away from a foe, powerless to resist, all her possessions worth anything.

It is argued that Spanish rule is corrupt and tyrannical, that her subjects are ruined by taxation, are denied justice in the courts, and, in fine, that her possessions ought to be taken from her because she does not govern them according to our ideas. It is gravely asserted that new and unexpected responsibilities have fallen upon us by reason of the war, and to allow Spain to continue her tyrannous hold on subject peoples is contrary to justice and the eternal fitness of things.

These hollow pleas are supplemented by directing our cupidity to the prospect of gain in developing the trade of the Philippines, rich in minerals and in agricultural productions. A market for our surplus product in manufactures is claimed to flow from adding them to our domain. The expansionists claim that our traditional policy of isolation and hermitage must be abandoned; that the entangling alliances and acts against which we were warned by Washington were lullabys to sing the infant nation to sleep, lest its strength were unequal to the work of contending with the elder nations. But now look at us! The nations behold us with fear and admiration! We have crushed, as an egg-shell is crushed, one of the effete powers. Who can withstand our might? In order to see what daring power will try bloody conclusions with us, we will retain with the strong hand what the strong hand has taken.

The question therefore resolves itself into the right to hold the Philippines and the expediency and policy of holding them.

On the first point we are estopped by our own declaration and the doctrines of international law.

It is contemptible sophistry to hold that what binds us as to Cuba does not as to the Philippines.

The *casus belli* was the crime against civilization, committed by the Spaniards in their methods of warfare against the Cuban insurgents. We took no note of atrocities, if any existed, in Puerto Rico and the Philippines. There were none, then, beyond the ordinary misgovernment that has ever characterized Spanish rule at home and abroad for the last four centuries.

The annihilation of the Spanish fleet and the capture of Manila was a mere incident of the war. So was the surrender of Puerto Rico.

The end of the war was the expulsion of the Spaniards from Cuba, the pacification of the island, and the establishment of a *free* stable government there.

All else done by our ships and troops was means to accomplish the end. We have burden enough to accomplish the *end*.

To garrison the island, pacify the insurgents (all the remaining population being already pacified), and establish a permanent free government for all the *bona fide* residents of Cuba is as much work for humanity as we are called upon to perform. The tax-payers of the United States will find it a costly and a slow work.

It is now a well-recognized doctrine of international law that wars of mere conquest among civilized nations are unjustifiable. A powerful nation strong enough to defy the intelligent criticism of mankind can override all law, human and divine. But every Napoleon will, sooner or later, meet his Waterloo.

Our Jingo casuists can point out no responsibility of a moral character that we have assumed by the capture of the Philippines. We are not the Quixote of nations. We are not called upon to redress grievances and right wrongs all over the globe. If this be true, the murder of the Armenians, the woes of the Russian Jews, the oppression of the Irish, and a thousand enormities practised by the nations of the earth on defenceless subjects call on us to put on our armor and assail the perpetrators of every wrong everywhere. The Malays of the Philippines are the least worthy among all the sufferers to receive our unselfish humane assistance.

The appeal to our cupidity is without any strength. It is, however, a confession that the *home-market* principle of the protectionist is a failure. To carry it to perfection we must take the whole earth, especially the civilized portion of it. If the Philippines are good as a market, Europe and the white dependencies of Europe are much better. We ship ninety per cent. of our exports to the latter. Only about ten per cent. goes to Asia, Africa, South America, and the islands of the sea. If we want more and better markets of our own, according to the protective idea, we must do as the Romans did—conquer all the civilized world.

Trade flows between persons and states who have the products that each, reciprocally, desires to have. Savage and half-civilized races are never, in large degree, profitable customers of civilized people.

They generally, if not universally, make all their food products. Their exports are raw materials. Their primitive and simple wants are easily supplied by a small amount of the surplus product of civilized countries.

The surplus of civilization is consumed by civilization. Our trade with the Philippines is small now. To develop it will cost infinitely more than it is or ever will be worth.

The Philippines are in the equatorial belt. They are inhabited by Malays. They are not equal now, and perhaps never will be, to our negroes.

No Southern man but knows the terrific struggle the whites went through in the reconstructed States to save their civilization and their liberties from the "humanities" of reconstruction.

No Southern man but knows the debauching effects on the whites of the methods adopted to save themselves and their civilization. No Southern man ought to view, without the gravest apprehension, the incorporation into our Union of sub-tropical countries inhabited by dark and ignorant races necessarily to be governed by force.

Who is there that wants more of Judge Lynch, more of ballot-box stuffing, and more of their necessary result—ring rule of the most tyrannous description?

To hold the Philippines perpetually as a Territory is repugnant to the genius of our institutions. Our Constitution contemplates no other than a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people." The examples of New Mexico, Arizona, and the District of Columbia are not in point to prove the contrary. The latter is governed by Congress because of the danger of placing the exercise of the elective franchise in the hands of the colored population. Do we want to multiply dangerous factors? The former have not been admitted as States because of political considerations. No Spanish-American republic is self-governed, or can be. No archipelago in the Pacific inhabited by Malays is fit for self-government, or can be made so. The talk of Americanizing a population of 13,000,000 born in and adapted to the tropics is the merest vaporing. To maintain at such a distance standing armies and satraps is a constant menace to our liberties.

The policy that has developed us from weakness to strength, from a feeble republic into one of the most powerful and formidable nations of the earth, is that of isolation.

Nature has given us the most fertile and blessed region of all of man's dwelling-places. We have what no other nations have—the iron, the coal, and the fibres. We have the waterways to convey them to the ocean, so that the whole earth may share easily in our riches.

We have the inventive, active, energetic race, that utilizes all these gifts in greater degree than any other on the planet.

We are now forging our way into the markets of our civilized brethren, and exchanging with them our handiwork. The nations stand amazed not only at our prowess in war, but at our skill in all the arts and industries of peace.

Isolation and peace have wrought the wonders of our progress. We owe nothing to aggressive war. The war of the Revolution and the war of the States afford brilliant but bloody proof of the courage of our citizen soldiery. But in peace we have learned and practised the virtues and arts that will always safeguard us from attack, and fit us to cope with our brethren throughout the earth for whatever man desires of use or ornament or luxury, mental or physical.

In isolation was planted the infant republic. In isolation it has grown and expanded and flourished beyond the dreams of its founders. In isolation is our security for the future, as it has been our glory and security in the past.

Our chief glory has been, as it always ought to be, to have the only spot on earth where freemen govern freemen. Let it always be so.

Washington announced and taught the profound policy of isolation. Shall folly and vainglory plunge us into the dangerous policies and entanglements of the Old World?

To sum up, I hold that we violate our solemn declaration if we retain the Philippines, either under full sovereignty or under a protectorate.

2. That even if we violated no faith, their incorporation into the body of our territory is a step pointing directly to a central government with absolute power.

3. That no just argument can show the material gain of such an acquisition.

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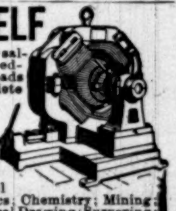

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